

OCTOBER 31, 1955

SPORTS

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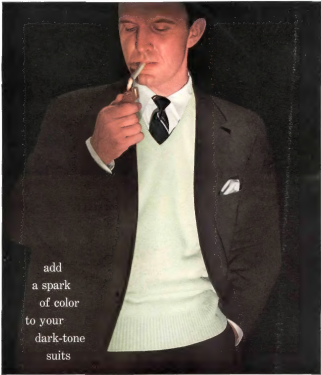
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PAMELA PHILLIPS

PREVIEW

THE NATIONAL HORSE SHOW





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to your
dark-tone
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MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER

IN THE COURSE of traveling around the country during the first 15 months of our existence I've had many chances to hear attitudes toward **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** expressed in person. One that has always interested me is that of the young people—possibly because the younger generation makes a critical examination before it passes judgment.

As a case in point I think of an experience I recently had when I went to dinner at the home of an old friend. He introduced me to his two teen-age sons as the publisher of this magazine. A few minutes later they appeared with a copy of **SI** opened to this department. "Would you mind writing your name, Mr. Phillips?" one asked. I'm afraid I approached the situation with rather embarrassed pride at being asked for my autograph.

I learned my lesson fast. It wasn't the autograph they wanted. They were simply testing my authenticity, and fortunately I did manage to match the signature below.

Aside from my own personal experience, let me cite here just three examples from among the many letters we have received which reveal the loyalty that **SI** inspires among its younger readers.

From Camp Orinsekwa in Niverville, N.Y., Mr. I. A. Rosenthal writes: "Each summer we conduct a celebrity poll. This summer, after one year of existence, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** reached the distinction, in our organization, of being one of the two most popular magazines. Our boys range from 6 to 17, and you'd be amazed at the many, many copies of each issue that come to camp from the boys' winter homes."

From Miss Carolyn Gale in Fairbanks, Alaska: "We Alaskans think your magazine is fabulous. It certainly appeals to all ages. My brother who is 18, and I, 16 years old, enjoy it as much as our parents or 11-year-old sister."

From Washington, D.C., Mr. Donald Clemmer says: "Like many another father, I am sure, I subscribed to **SI** not only for myself but also for my son. My boy and I have read and discussed every issue. Coming into our home each week, the magazine has given us in subtle ways a 'oneness' that might not have been so easily possible in the relationship between a busy and not-always-patient father and a rambunctious 16-year-old. Thanks for that!"



Harry Phillips



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wanted a
Burberry"

No wonder this trench is heard as often... for the Walking Burberry is more than a fine weather-proofed, more than a perfect combination of as-the-best British coloring and distinguished fabrics... it's a way of life! Cost shown \$48.00

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DALLAS, TEXAS

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 48 **PAT ON THE BACK**

35 **SPECTACLE: GARDEN STATE RACE TRACK**

An aerial tour of a sparkling New Jersey track which reflects U.S. prosperity as well as a U.S. sports preoccupation. Photographs in color by CHARLES E. ROBIN

23 **RICHEST RACE IN THE WORLD**

WHITNEY TOWER's preview of this week's \$200,000 Garden State for 2-year-olds

20 **TIGERS, TRUNCHEONS AND TRADITION**

That's the annual Clemson-South Carolina football game—one of the most colorful of all college football rivalries. A visit in this year's centennial by COLIN PINNEY with photographs by MARK KAUFFMAN

20 **CONVERSATION PIECE: SUBJECT: FRANK LEAHY**

In a memorable word portrait, GERALD HOLLAND tells of a nostalgic Sunday morning spent with Notre Dame's great former coach, his eight children and a delegation of old college friends

22 **PREVIEW: THE HORSE SHOW**

A week of glittering activity in New York's Madison Square Garden is the annual climax of the horsemanship year. ALICE HIGGINS describes it with the aid of diagrams and drawings by PAUL BROWN. Plus a gallery of young riders in action and a report on the young and hopeful U.S. Equestrian Team

46 **ARMOR THAT DOES AS MUCH HARM AS GOOD**

Today's football player goes into combat with 11 pounds of protection that makes him a lethal but vulnerable battering ram. WILLIAM H. WHITE checks with scientists who have been studying this situation and have come up with some healthy suggestions

THE DEPARTMENTS:

- 4 **Holmes:** JIMMY JEROME asks: Is the dog really man's best friend?
 8 **Tip from the Top:** RIP ARNOLD of Driver's Cherry Hills Club proffers some useful advice on keeping the head steady
 14 **Boating:** JAMES ATWATER rounds up the roaring, record-breaking seasons of the big-time hydroplanes
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 30 **Golf:** HERBERT WARREN WIND takes a turn around the Meadow Brook Club's new course in Jericho, L.I. and reports it is a golfing classic
 32 **Sporting Looks:** What's the latest on the snowy slopes? Bright-colored ski pants, shown here in three pages in color
 61 **Yesterday:** A memorial tribute to GRANTLAND RICE: the great sportswriter's celebrated story on the famed Four Horsemen of Notre Dame

**COVER: PAMELA PHILLIPS**

Photograph by Richard Mink

When the bugle sounds and 12-year-old Pamela Phillips enters the bright show ring, she will face the final test of a challenging year. Pamela, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Phillips of Stamford, Conn., has been riding since she was 6. By capturing the blue ribbon at Piping Rock this September, she earned the right to compete in the important ASPCA horsemanship class. If her black gelding Barnable behaves in his first encounter with Garden Lights, this year's National Horse Show could see Pamela's biggest win. For a look at some of her skilled competition and a comprehensive preview of the Horse Show, see page 37.

ASPCA photograph on page 37

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE**COLLEGE FOOTBALL COAST TO COAST**

SI surveys the conferences as well as the games of the week, and Herman Hickman spotlights the usually anonymous linemen who make the winners go

THE GREAT HORSE OF THE SOUTHWEST

The ubiquitous quarter horse, magnificently photographed by Tom Friswell

ANOTHER HAPPY KNOLL

J. P. Marquand takes up the problem of the annual dinner

SCOREBOARD

A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

RECORD BREAKERS

● Hungary's slender Sander Iharns provided latest flurry in prodigal year for track's distance men, stepped off 5,666 meters in 15 minutes 40.6 seconds at Budapest, 6.2 seconds faster than briefly held world mark of Hanna's Vladimir Kuc, lowered Chris Chataway's three-mile record by nine seconds to 12:34.2. In same race, Laszlo Tabori finished second in Hungarian National Championship event, Istvan Szabolcs won third. ● British quartet of runners doggedly dried wet track on blustery day at Watton-on-Thames, England, broke unofficial world

record set 20 years ago by Argentina's Jose Ribas for distance covered in two hours. Winner Joe Lancaster ran 22 miles 418 yards, nearly a mile farther than old record. Gordon Pirie, Jack Heywood, Stan Cox were runners-up. Pirie, victor over famed Czech Emil Zatopek in same previous week, protested, "Remember that distance is daft. You won't catch me at it again."

● Ernie Hess of Patterson, Calif., gained racing runabout to world Class B hydroplane competition record of 41,668 mph in Desert Regatta over Sahon Sea, Calif. Hess's old mark: 39,549.

FOOTBALL

Michigan, stung by upstart Minnesota's third first period, lost No. 1 ranking but escaped game, Little Brown Jug won five 14-13, as Halfback Terry Barr blocked key Gopher conversion try, added five-yard scoring run at Minneapolis.

Pittsburgh's 225-pound end Johnny Pa-back headed driving line attack that shook seven Duke fumbles, paved way for 25-7 upset of fifth-ranked Blue Devils at Durham, N.C.

Navy's soph quarterback Tom Ferrellist (an kin to late Navy Secretary) directed drive for one score, backed over for second, passed to End Ron Beagle for third in 33-6 rout of staggering Penn at Philadelphia, while first-stringer George Walsh scored one too.

Ed Verek, hustling Maryland halfback, gained 123 yards in 18 attempts to pace 34-13 Terrapin victory over Syracuse.

Oklahoma spotted Colorado 14 points, then routed to crush its Big Seven foe, 55-21 at Norman, Okla. for 24th straight victory.

Sam Brown broke open close game for UCLA with 67-yard punt return, scored of three touchdowns for day; Roscoe Kneen passed and ran for two more in 33-13 defeat of Iowa at Los Angeles.

Michigan State's Earl Merrill counted specially rehearsed pass play, hit Ed Dave Kaiser for 90-yard touchdown, to break 7-7 tie, sparked other Spartan scores in 21-7 victory over Illinois at East Lansing, Mich.

West Virginia, outgained in first half by rugged Penn State, bulldozed down to beat Lions 21-7 at Morgantown, W. Va.

Notre Dame plowed heavier Purdue line with ease for 225 yards, rushed passing star Lou Danvers unrelentingly, doubled Bulls' score 22-7 at Lafayette, Ind.

Ohio State's irresistible ground attack, guided by chance-taking Frank Howard, rubbed out 14-0 Wisconsin lead, produced 25-16 triumph over favored Badgers at Madison, Wis., kept Buckeyes' slate clean in Big Ten.

Southern California made up for sluggish start with three-touchdown last-quarter scoring romp led by Halfback Jan Ar-neth, as California's Bears stumbled 33-6 at Berkeley, Calif.

Texas A&M's lightweights held wanted Baylor to 34 yards gained, thumped Bears 28-7 at College Station, Tex. to take South-west Conference lead.

Army rebounded from Syracuse upset by smothering Columbia 45-0 at West Point.

Auburn remained undefeated with 22-0 breeze over Little Rock.

Brooklyn College, blaming declining interest and injuries, dropped football after 29 years of participation.

Pittsburgh Steelers, adroitly maneuvered by Quarterback Jim Flaks, weathered sharp New York passing attack (25 attempts, 20 completions) to shade Giants 19-17, maintained first-place tie with Cleveland in Eastern Conference of National Football League.

Los Angeles Rams' long aerial sailer tripped winless Detroit Lions 24-13, gave Rams clear lead in Western Conference as Green Bay, Baltimore lost.

Cleveland Browns thrashed off 100-yard kickoff return by Green Bay's Al Carnichael, routed Packers 41-10 to share Eastern lead.

Washington Redskins' track twice under little Eddie LeeBaron's resourceful quarterbacking, dropped Baltimore Colts from company of Western leaders 14-13.

Chicago Cardinals tied Philadelphia Eagles 24-24 on bizarre play, as Otis Mawson backpedaled 24 yards to shake tacklers, lateraled to Dave Mize, who passed to Dan Steneroff for touchdown.

Chicago Bears eased 10-6 first-period deficit, featured two touchdown runs, scoring pass by Ed Brown in 34-22 victory over San Francisco 49ers.

BASEBALL

Branch Rickey, 78, baseball's unsung pioneer, organizer and planner, announced retirement after five years as general manager and executive vice-president of bottom-drawer Pittsburgh Pirates, effective Nov. 1. Rickey, ruler of pennant winners at St. Louis and Brooklyn, will stay on as adviser, reportedly at \$25,000 half pay.

Ralph Kiser, \$90,000 horse race idol in Pittsburgh heyday, ended playing career,

signed \$25,000, one-year contract as general manager of San Diego Padres.

OLYMPICS

Wes Santee, in remarkable off-season form, left pace-setting rabbit role to old rival Fred Dwyer, blazed ahead on final lap to win 4:50.2 mile (sixth fastest indoors) by 28 yards at New York's Madison Square Garden, crowned U.S. Olympic weekend. In other Olympic Carnival events, staged to further one-million-dollar Olympic Fund drive, improving Lang Stanley edged world record holder Lon Spurrier in 1:54.3 half mile; Dick Mulcaire of New York posted quarter-mile tape in 59.7, ahead of Jim Lea; Lou Jones, fastest 400-meter man ever, ran third; champion skater Terley Albright and Hayes Alan Jenkins, champion weightlifters Paul Anderson, Tommy Kono, Pete George gave exhibitions; fencing matches went to Harold Goldsmith (Col.), George West (Calif.), wrestling victories to Peter Blair (free style), James Prekhus (Greco-Roman) (see page 26).

BOXING

Wallace (Bud) Smith, scoring with insistent left hook, closed Challenger Jimmy Carter's right eye, survived savage 13th-round counterattack, kept world lightweight title by decision before home-town crowd at Cincinnati (see page 22).

Vince Martinez, still chipping away rust after return to welterweight title bout, outclassed Lester Felton of Detroit in 10-rounder at Providence, R.I. for 10th straight victory.

Randy Turpin, England's former world middleweight champion, called it quits after among Canadian light heavyweight Gordon Wallace scored four knockdowns, knocked him out in fourth round at London. Retirement settled Archie Mason-Turpin light-heavy title fight proposed for January, produced Trinidad's Yehude Panger as probable replacement.

John Hefland, New York's boxing commissioner, resumed probe into mysterious interior of Manager's Guild, questioned suspended managers Gus D'Amato (Floyd Patterson), Rocky Melnick (Tiger Jones), Bobby Nelson (no bay). Told prolonged ignorance of Guild workings. Told Melnick: "I know nothing. No one knows more than I do" (see page 12).

HORSE RACING

Bwanara Farm's Joy Jaye sprouted to new victory over E. J. Drake's midland streak Sweet's Son in \$25,425 Breeder's Futurity at Keeneland, Ky.; Comedians Lou Costello's West Coast hope Bold

FOOTBALL'S TOP TEN

(Total of Associated Press voters' poll on team standings this week, with points figured on a 10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3-2-1 basis (first-place votes in parentheses):

	Points
1. Maryland (22)	1,330
2. Oklahoma (21)	1,300
3. Michigan (20)	1,245
4. Navy (10)	1,217
5. Michigan State (10)	817
6. UCLA (2)	800
7. Wake Forest (2)	327
8. Auburn (1)	327
9. Notre Dame	313
10. Southern California	313

RUNNERS-UP: 11. Texas A&M 21th 22; Georgia Tech 21; 12. Holy Cross 11; 13. Texas Christian 4th; 14. Ohio State 41.

Basco ran fourth behind C. V. Whitney's Career Boy in \$10,000 Garden State Trial, as 2-year-old picture remained blurred (see page 19).

Whether Stables' stretch-running gray filly High Voltage was \$51,850 Vineland Handicap by three lengths at Garden State Park, N.J., referenced dates to yearling's year-old distaff honors.

HORSE SHOW

Mexico's jumping team, cut from four to two by injuries suffered in auto accident, still performed brilliantly at Harrisburg's Pennsylvania National as Belg. General Hambrée Marlies won novices to relieve pain of cracked coccyx.

HUNT RACING

George T. Weymouth's 8-year-old mare Star Salome won 11th Monmouth County Hunt Cup over timber barriers, his 6-year-old mare Oaks took 11th Gold Cup field over brush, as Wilmington, Del. sportsman swept features at Middletown, N.J.

STEEPLECHASE RACING

Neg, molate 5-year-old chestnut gelding, hand-aged by premier jumping rider Frank (Dooley) Adams, headed injured but game Rhythmisk near Felsk to take \$57,800 Temple Gateway Steeplechase, world's richest, for Mrs. Ogden Phipps by 1/4 length in 4:53 2/5 for 2 1/4 miles at Belmont Park, closed year's jumping crown.

AUTO RACING

Finare, breeding lesson of June's Le Mans tragedy, moved toward resumption of full racing schedule next April, pooled safety precautions for Grand Prix events. Sponsors must provide racing strip at least 55 feet wide, special roads to pits, adequate barriers for spectators' protection after receiving central committee's approval.

MOTORBOATING

Guy Leuchard's Tempo VII, piloted by Danny Foster, zipped Gale V in women's last unlimited hydroplane race for Governor's Trophy at Madison, Ind. Joseph Schoenrich's Gale V won only Squire Gold Cup, placed consistently elsewhere in his unlimited high-point championship.

HOCKEY

Montreal Canadiens kept lead in National Hockey League as Rookie Henri Richard rapped two goals in 6-0 whitewash of Chicago Black Hawks after Boston Bruins handed Canadians first loss of season 3-2. New York Rangers split with Toronto Maple Leafs, beat Chicago, moved into second-place tie with Bruins. Detroit Red Wings, once overpowering on home ice, permitted tie by Boston, Chicago. Detroit's Captain Ted Lindsay led 26th goal, one short of record for left-wingers.

MILEPOSTS

HONOLULU—Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, 81, dean of nation's trainers, developer of Naalea, Gallant Fox, Johnstown; at Thoroughtbred Club of America's 24th testimonial dinner—first trainer so cited.

DEED—Midget Wolcott, 46, world flyweight boxing champion 1939-50; after collapsing in Philadelphia restaurant.

HOW 200 U.S. FOOTBALL TEAMS FARED LAST WEEK

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NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE

EASTERN CONFERENCE

Washington 14-10
Chicago 14-10
Pittsburgh 14-10
New York 14-10
Cleveland 14-10
Detroit 14-10
Philadelphia 14-10
San Francisco 14-10

WESTERN CONFERENCE

Washington 14-10
Chicago 14-10
Pittsburgh 14-10
New York 14-10
Cleveland 14-10
Detroit 14-10
Philadelphia 14-10
San Francisco 14-10

OTHER RESULTS FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

1000, Rutter, Hayward, Calif., 25-mile 500
1000, Rutter, Hayward, Calif., 25-mile 500

BOXING

112, Edgar, 12-round decision over Gil Scott, middleweight, New York.
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**JIMMY JEMAIL'S
HOTBOX**



JIMMY JEMAIL

The Question:

**Is the dog
really man's
best friend?**

HAROLD M. FLORSHEIM, Chicago



**President, Florsheim
Shoe Co.**

"One of the best. He never questions your motives, is there when you want his company and is content to lie at your feet until your mood changes. A dog's friendship is so loyal that it has been called 'blind.' He has even been known to lick the hand that beats him."

BOY ROGERS, Beverly Hills, Calif.



Radio star

"It depends on the man. For me, my dog and horse are equally good friends. Hufet, my German shepherd, is a close companion. When I'm on the road, I know he will protect my wife and kids. And of course Trigger and Trigger Jr., my horses, give me that homey feeling when I'm away from home."

ALBERT R. MULLEN, Great Neck, N.J.



Public relations executive

"Yes. He's the only one who will lick my hand at 7:30 in the morning when I was supposed to be home for dinner the night before at 7:30. My wife was up as I quietly opened the door with that typical married-man, hang-dog look. A dog won't bite the hand that feeds it. A wife will. True?"

7:30. My wife was up as I quietly opened the door with that typical married-man, hang-dog look. A dog won't bite the hand that feeds it. A wife will. True?"

MATT TRACY, Palm Beach



Sportsman

"Are you kidding? Just look at the condition of the streets in any city. Some years ago, some New Yorkers thought it would be a good idea if no new licenses were issued. Current licenses would continue, but no new ones, so in years New York would be free of dogs. Nothing ever came of it. Too bad."

PETER DONALD, New York



Comedian

"He really is. A dog is always ready with affection, charm, entertainment, a fairly modest hunger and almost the same license fee as a bride, with fewer dividends expected. As a social contact a dog is without peer. Sure, a dog is man's best friend—particularly if people won't have you."

ED CONNOR, Longmeadow, Mass.



Textile machinery executive

"It appears so. Few dare speak out against dogs. President Roosevelt said: 'I think I have a right to remind'"

Shelton statements about my dog.' Vice-President Nixon, on the pan for alleged improper use of his 'expense fund,' gained sympathy by affectionately describing his dog on TV."

MARTIN M. SWITHINBANK



**Eltham, England
TV producer**

"Yes. A dog is the only one who will go for a walk in sleet or rain or when everyone else is fagged out and won't take a stroll with you. Conversely, when you, yourself, are indisposed, the dog has his own reasons for taking you out. Then you get beneficial exercise in spite of yourself."

JERRY BURROW, New Haven, Conn.



**Student, Yale
Medical School**

"There have been times when I've doubted it. A friend was surprised in her home by a small thief. She hid while he rummaged the living room. Her big, brawny dog just wagged his tail and licked the man's hand. Before the thief left, he went to the refrigerator and fed the dog two prime lamb chops."

CAMILLE DUGRAUX, Paris and New York
Entertainment



"It's a 50-50 friendship. Man is certainly dog's best friend. Without love and breeding, dogs would be unfriendly mongrels. My dog really talks to me. When I'm in a hurry and can't walk him, he just looks at me with tearful eyes. He wouldn't eat when I went to France. They had to ship him to me."

WALTER H. JOHNSON JR., New York
Vice-President
American Airlines



"He certainly is. Only a dog evaluates and accepts a man for his basic qualities. His affection is unaffected by money, prestige or other superficial things. On this premise a dog is certainly man's best friend. Neither danger nor hardship can prompt him to desert his master."

GEORGE THOMAS CULLEN, Providence, R.I.
Manager, Division
Batterson Hotel



"It depends on the dog owner. If he's a man whom people don't like and who shirks from their company, a dog can be his best friend. The dog is the only one who will tolerate him. Conversely, a dog on a leash is often a good introduction. Many men have met their wives that way."

NEXT WEEK:

Why are small towns and cities usually better football towns than New York? (Asked at the New York Touchdown Club)

The Standard of Excellence on Three Continents



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Watch Illustrated—For him, Longines Marathon "A" Automatic—a completely satisfying, all-purpose watch. It's self-winding, waterproof, shock-resistant, with quartz second hand, \$165. For her, Longines Sportswoman "A"—a sophisticated lady's watch, perfect for informal occasions. Waterproof*, shock-resistant, \$179.50. *As long as crystal, stem and back are closed.*

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always *lightest*
NOW DRIEST!



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Leathers light.
GOLF SHOES



DRIER IN RAIN
COOLER IN SUN
LEATHER THAT BREATHES

They laugh at the weather!

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fine golf shoe is
AMERICA'S DRIEST too!

see Rochester Shoe Trade

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NEW YORK 17, N.Y.



TIP FROM THE TOP



Particularly for
the average golfer

from **HIP ARNOLD**, Cherry Hills Country Club, Denver, Colo.

One of the prime fundamentals of golf which every player attempts to put into practice is to keep his eye on the ball. However, there is the average golfer—and he is countless—who, while keeping his eyes fixed on the ball, does not reap the benefits he should because he moves his head. In the correct address and swing, the head should always be held steady, of course, for when a golfer moves it, he throws his balance off and subtracts altogether from the soundness of his swing.

What, then, is the best way to go about anchoring your head so that it will remain in a steady position throughout the swing? The key move is dropping your chin, relaxing your neck and letting your chin fall until it practically forms a double chin. From this position you may get the feeling that you are looking at the ball from the top of your eyes, almost as if you were peering over the top of the rims of a pair of spectacles—and this is precisely the feeling you should get. One additional point: keep your eye on the back of the ball. If you stay with this position until it becomes second nature, you will learn for yourself how vast the difference is when you keep your eye on the ball and keep your head firmly anchored.

Front and side views of
the head position which
Hip Arnold advocates



NEXT WEEK: NOBEL CHALFANT ON OVERSTUDYING PUTTS

SPORTS

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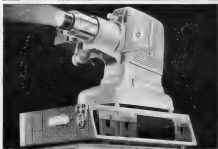
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TIRE

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New idea keeps slides in sharp focus!

The new TDC Deluxe Model D is a happy projector choice for performance-minded slide fans. Its Airflow case with exclusive Wind Tunnel Cooling prevents slides from "popping" out of focus. With tray-loading changer, \$74.25.

300-watt lamp, powerful Mirror • anti-reflection buffer in mount of coated Schott (1/3) lens • roller-bearing focusing • See your dealer or write for details.



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LEADERS IN SPORTS KNOW

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Already an immortal, though still dominant in the game . . . Ted Williams' legendary baseball achievements have been accomplished through keen sight, constant practice, and an inherent sense of timing. His records as a fisherman, as numerous as those established on the diamond, attest to the reasons for success of the fishing equipment company which bears his name. In these endeavors, and during his Marine Pilot days over the South Pacific and in Korean skies . . . timing has been a vital asset . . . It is for such leaders of sport . . . and industry too . . . that Rolex Chronometers are available



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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Spool on a high plane • Tennis market quotations from down under • Far-flung Yankees • Word from an old yachting friend • Fight judge flunks math

RUSSIANS OVER CHICAGO

THEIR SOFT-LOVED short story in Chicago at the moment has to do with the sightseeing flight of the visiting Soviet housing experts over that city the other day.

As the plane moved up the Lake Michigan shoreline after a look at the giant planned suburb of Park Forest far to the south, the Russians gawked at the sailboats, cruisers and yachts tied up at Jackson Park Harbor, just to the southeast of the University of Chicago.

"Ah," exclaimed I. K. Kozulin, Russia's minister of city and urban construction and leader of the visiting firm, "the Chicago fishing fleet?"

"Nope," said the Chicagoan at his elbow. "Yachts of the workers."

by hundreds of their countrymen, paraded through the streets of Sydney for the adulation of 50,000 more and given a tumultuous reception presided over by the lord mayor. It was then Kramer might have received his first warning that all was not well with his dreams of a \$500,000 world tour. "I hope," a sentiment-choked Hoad told the assembled thousands, "that if we ever lose the Davis Cup again that I might be a member of the team to go over and try to get it back."

This was the signal for the Dunlop Co. (which pays Hoad about \$4,500 a year) to begin to talk about job security and advancement; and for Shumgers Proprietary Limited and

the Carnation Co. (which will co-sponsor Rosewall for nearly \$5,000) to speak of a future executive's job. There was also talk about sending the tennis twins on an all-expense-paid tour around the world—as amateurs. "Don't sell yourself cheap," the Australian press told Hoad and Rosewall. Turn down the \$50,000 offered now—they were told—win a few more tournaments and then be in a position to command the top price of almost \$75,000 Tony Trabert got.

After it was all over, and both 20-year-olds had decided to remain—at least for another year—on the side of amateurism, Australia and the Davis

continued on next page

TWO IN THE BUSH

JACK KRAMER, who says Lewis Hoad and Ken Rosewall had signed an agreement to turn pro (pending their lawyers' approval) when they left the United States, has now discovered that two birds in hand are better than two in the Australian bush.

For, once the young Davis Cup heroes reached home, Kramer was fighting a losing battle—and in the end was routed by vastly superior forces.

The tide began to turn the afternoon Captain Harry Hopman and Hoad stepped off their big Constellation at Sydney's Mascot Airport proudly bearing the Holy Grail of Australian tennis: the Davis Cup. Joined by teammates Rosewall and Rex Hartwig, who had arrived earlier, they were cheered

Jack Kramer, disappointed but philosophical over his failure to sign Australia's Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall to \$30,000 pro tennis contracts, went about the business of deciding who would play opposite Tony Trabert on this year's world tour. The top candidates for the three vacant spots: Pancho Gonzalez, Pancho Segura, Jack ("I may lack color but I can still hit that ball") Kramer.

Doris Hart, who wasn't offered anything like \$50,000, ended her amateur career which included two U.S. singles championships and a triple victory at Wimbledon in 1951, turned pro to teach at Miami Beach's Flamingo Hotel.

Bert Ball, National Football League commissioner, decided again he was worried over Canadian player raids but took a big step to protect the league's interest in this year's crop of college stars just

the same: for the first time in history the NFL player draft will be held in November.

Branch Rickey, 71 and unsuccessful at the end of his five-year plan to build the Pittsburgh Pirates into a winner, stepped down as general manager but refused to admit defeat. "I am going to quit punching a clock," he said, "but by no means am I retiring. I'll continue to work for the Pirates until they win a pennant—and that's coming sooner than a lot think."

Career Boy, with a victory in the Garden State Trial, and Needles, who ripped off a stinging workout the same day, moved up as favorites for Saturday's \$300,000 Garden State Stakes. Other strong contenders in the race expected to unseat the 2-year-old picture: Comedian Lou Costello's Bold Rascals, which ran well but tried to finish fourth in the trial, and Nail, winner of the Belmont Futurity.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page 21

Cup, the *Sydney Morning Herald* explained: "They have merely been persuaded—in one case by weighty commercial argument—that the moment is not yet opportune for them to turn."

STILL CHAMPIONS

It took only a matter of moments last week to accomplish an ostentatious cordials between these sovereign institutions, the New York Yankees and the Japanese Empire. Although the Yanks arrived at Tokyo International Airport in a driving rainstorm they were surrounded by throngs of photographers, flower girls, screaming youngsters and cheering fans as soon as they stepped from the two DC-4s which had brought them from Honolulu. All 63—players, wives, coaches, owners and Manager Casey Stengel—were paraded through the city in decorated jeeps and open cars, while great crowds showered them with confetti and ticker tape, called for autographs and tied up traffic for a full 40 minutes.

The Yanks reciprocated with a will. They appeared on the stage of a downtown theater and, while firecrackers popped and the audience cheered, lobbed dozens of soft rubber baseballs into the crowd. The next day, while working out at Kawasaki stadium between Tokyo and Yokohama, they hit balls into the stands and over the fence as mementos for scrambling crowds of fans. "I hope," said Manager Stengel to Japanese sportswriters (who still talk of Babe Ruth with awe), "some day to have a Japanese player on the Yankees. It would be good for baseball and Japan and the Yanks." The spectators at the Yanks' first game with the professional Tokyo Orions were delighted with Kazuhiro Yamazaki who hit a home run off Tommy Byrne, but seemed even more set up by the fact that the Yanks won 10-2.

What did the Japanese think of the Brooklyn Dodgers? "The Yankows," stated one newspaper firmly, "are still the champs to Japanese baseball fans."

THE SLEEPING GIANT

THE SUMMER sailing season is over. And it has ended, as in every year since 1937, without the most thrilling spectacle in the yachting world—a defense of the America's Cup (see 19TH HOLE). Seventeen times from the first meeting in 1851 to Harold Vanderbilt's

sweep in *Ranger* over Thomas Sopwith's *Endeavour II* in 1937, yachtsmen in England and America built the tallest, fastest and inevitably the most beautiful boats in the world and sent them against each other in offshore races. The fact that England never managed to win even one of her tries hardly seemed to deter British challenges, nor did it deter Americans from spending vast sums on the giant J-Boats to make sure that England never won. Harold K. Vanderbilt's bill for *Ranger* was \$300,000. If anything, *Ranger* looked even more expensive. Her duraluminum mast towered 163



feet over the water, her 135-foot hull tapered to 87 feet on the waterline, and her graceful underwater curves swept down to a keel that held 110 tons of lead.

Unhappily, the later cup defenses were simply too much boat for anything but cup defenses. When World War II began, *Ranger* and her surviving sisters in the U.S. were broken up for their metal. In England, the *Endeavour II* suffered an even worse fate. An American yachtsman, in England last summer for Cowes Week, made a special pilgrimage to see what could be fairly called the finest yacht in England's history.

"She was lying on the mud flats at low tide near Southampton," he recalled a few days ago. "None of her sticks were on. There was a little shack on the deck. A family washing hung out above decks. It was a sad sight."



SUCCESS IN DUCK SHOOTING

This is the way,

So I have heard—

Two lines on neck,

Then lead the bird.

—HARNEY HUTCHISON

Indeed it was. This same man, however, was dead against building more *Rangers* and *Endeavors*: "Some people are talking about a cup revival in terms of the J-Boat. I think they are crazy. When not racing, the J-Boat has no value at all. Besides, sailing is going in the opposite direction from the J-Boat idea" (i.e., toward more practical, all-round boats).

"They might try it in International One-Designs and Six-Meters. I personally feel inclined to start over again with a new cup rather than let the America's Cup be raced for by Six-Meters."

Says Rod Stephens, a member of the yacht designing and brokerage firm of Sparkman & Stephens, Inc.: "The cup should be raced for only by the biggest boats. Maybe they could draw up plans for a new class to combine the ocean racer with the J-Boat, so that a cup boat could be kept as a useful cruising vessel like *Balero* or *Balero*."

Against the fact that the 73-foot, ocean-cruising *Balero* is currently for sale because no one wants to bear the expense of racing her, Stephens had this to say: "If it was announced that the cup would be run by ocean racers of *Balero*'s size, she would be sold before sundown."

THE LONG, LONG COUNT

THE EQUAL EASE with which Jimmy Carter could win or lose the lightweight championship of the world was one of boxing's great marvels until the other night in Cincinnati when it was overshadowed by the longest count boxing has seen since Tunney beat Dempsey at Chicago.

Carter lost a decision to Champion Wallace (Bud) Smith. Whether it was a unanimous decision or split remains, however, in doubt. Two of the three Cincinnati judges scored it for Smith, who thus retained his championship. What made the fight more weird than Carter's in-and-out record (he had won and lost this same championship three times) was the dismaying opinion of Judge Joe Bink, a stabbos, gray-haired man of perhaps limited clerical aptitude. Judge Bink, struggling with the task of totting up two columns of 15 numbers apiece, was the last to turn in his card. He handed it up to Referee Tony Wardorf, who looked at it, snickered and handed it back. Judge Bink's arithmetic gave 94 points to Carter, 50 to Smith. That would have seemed reasonable enough in a 10-round bout but this was a championship, 15-round affair and, under the

10-points-per-round system, a higher total was indicated.

Judge Blink hunched his shoulders over the task again, while a national TV audience waited and wondered.

It took six additional minutes for Judge Blink to come up with a new addition, this one announced as 140-140, or draw. Television winked out hastily on the scene. Millions went to bed believing that two judges had voted for Smith, while the third, Blink, had scored it a draw.

Smith was cheerfully accepting this split decision when Commissioner Paul D. Cain broke the news that someone had thought to check Judge Blink's addition. Just to be absolutely certain. And it came out, Cain said, that the figures actually added up to 144 for Smith, 140 for Carter. Thus, he held, the decision was unanimous for Smith. The card was checked again and it did add up to a unanimous victory for Smith but by a score of 143-138. Or thereabouts.

Joe Blunk, apprised of this, snorted.

"I voted for Carter, 144 to 140," he said firmly, as befits a man expressing a clear-cut conviction.

CUSTER'S SECOND STAND

JULIUS HELFAND, an obstinate man, has resumed his continuing inquiry into boxing's ways and, as when he left off just before the Moore-Marciano fight, has yet to discover a member of the mysterious managerial clan—the International Boxing Guild and its subversive subsidiary, the New York Boxing Guild—who knows anything about Guild operations or is willing to admit he does. Still and all, the less the managers have chosen to reveal about their organizations, the more they have disclosed. Thus:

Questioning three suspended managers who previously had refused to testify, Helfand brought out that the Guild, despite bylaws which exclude all but licensed managers, has both officers and members who are not licensed, as in the case of Max Waxman, New York Guild president, and not managers, as in the case of Billy Brown, New York matchmaker for the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, president). The boxing commission chairman developed further that managers customarily do not keep bank accounts but a check preference for cash transactions, as in the case of his three witnesses—Constantine (Cus) D'Amato, acting president of the New York Guild and manager of Floyd Patterson; Bobby Melnick,

manager of Ralph (Tiger) Jones; and Bobby Nelson, manager of no one in particular at the moment.

D'Amato, nicknamed Cus, a white-haired man with a gift for smooth-sounding homily, gave insight into the managerial view of fighters during a discussion of the just-resolved impasse between Vince Martinez, grounded welterweight, and Horst Bill Daly, International Guild treasurer and recently rearmaged manager of Martinez (SL Oct. 17). When Daly's contract expired Martinez refused to renew for a time and during that period could get no profitable fights. D'Amato sided with Daly on the issue.

"Isn't a boxer a free citizen?" Helfand asked.

"Yes, generally speaking, I think," D'Amato replied, with a judicious bob of his head. Then he added mysteriously, "So far as he functions as a fighter." As to Martinez: "I consider him a detriment to boxing." As to Daly: "I would rather not comment. I don't have to deal with Martinez every day."

Melnick, following the pattern set by D'Amato, who did not know the name of the Guild's bank though he signed some of its checks, also was signally ignorant of Guild affairs. A member of the executive board, he could not remember whether Guild officers were elected or achieved their status spontaneously.

Nelson, who from time to time has met with Frank Carbo over a cup of coffee at Jack Dempsey's restaurant and has known the hoodlum gambler

"for 30 years or so" without ever discussing fights with him, confirmed that Frank Ippolito, a lightweight, had come under his managerial wing after opportune release from contractual obligations to a non-Guild manager. Soon thereafter Nelson was walking along Eighth Avenue when who should pop up but Eddie Coco, a notoriously quick-triggered hoodlum now serving a life term for the wanton murder of a Florida car washer. Coco, he said, dropped one chill hint: "If you're going to be the manager I want you to know that this [Ippolito] is my nephew."

Helfand will continue his inquiry this week, he said, and also will soon take up the matter of Bill Daly's suspension, but as a separate entity.

THE DODGERS' DOME

A STRANGE ALLIANCE has brought together Walter O'Malley, president of the Brooklyn Dodgers, a score of graduate students at Princeton's School of Architecture and R. Buckminster Fuller, a man who has purged himself of all worldly ambitions save one: to remake the face of the earth. This project has lately been expanded to include a new ball park for the Dodgers.

Mr. Fuller, a white-haired, crew-cut man of 60, built along the lines of a jar of yogurt, says that Mr. O'Malley is solely responsible for bringing the Dodgers into the picture. Having followed Mr. Fuller's distinguished career as a designer of igloo-like geodesic structures, Mr. O'Malley one day learned

continued on next page



"I want that splinter, Doc—it's part of the Georgia Tech pool post."

continued from page 13

back in his chair and dictated a two-page, single-spaced letter in which he proposed that Mr. Fuller give thought to a domed stadium for Brooklyn. Mr. Fuller was already conditioned to the idea of taking his theories into the field of baseball. Previously he had been approached by an owner of the Denver, Colo. ball club and had given him some ideas about the kind of ball park Mr. O'Malley had in mind. "The Denver guy," said Mr. Fuller in a scientific tone, "did not have that kind of dough to spend." Later, Mr. Fuller was recruited by planners of a stadium for Minneapolis. For the latter, Mr. Fuller pulled out all stops on his imagination, and the Minneapolis crowd, at last report, was still reeling.

At the time of Mr. O'Malley's proposal, Mr. Fuller was preparing to deliver his annual lectures at Princeton's School of Architecture. He invited the 26-odd graduate students to assist him in constructing a model of the stadium (it could contain a 30 story building) he envisioned for Brooklyn. The Princeton scholars were delighted with the idea and pitched into the building of the model with zest. Two of them went a step further: they chose the Dodgers' Dome and its related problems (traffic, parking, etc.) for their theme.

Over a luncheon table the other day, Mr. Fuller was called upon to explain what a domed, all-weather stadium would do to the old-fashioned concept of baseball—peanuts and cracker jack, fresh air and sunshine and that sort of thing.

Mr. Fuller promptly took a sugar bowl, emptied it and turned it upside down and then, flexing the action of air currents to a doughnut, explained that the domed stadium would be self-ventilating, cooler on hot days, warmer on cold days, the sunshine better than ever through the translucent plastic skin of the dome. The grass would grow greener and nature would be improved upon in every way. The Dodgers, he admitted, would be on their own.

The Princeton model has been completed. When Mr. O'Malley returns from a vacation and Mr. Fuller completes a lecture tour, they will put their domes—that is to say, heads—together and decide on the next step.

MORE VIOLATE HUSKINGS

HEREWITH, for readers who started Professor Howard Chase's frame-style fable of the farmer's daughter

last week, is what Chase calls Pot II—Moon-late an Roaches:

Violate worse jest wife aboard Hairy, hoe worse jester pore form bore firming adjecturing form. Sam pimple set debt Hairy Parkings dist half gut since, butter batter gut disposition an hay worse medley an luff wet Violate. Infect, Hairy wandered toe merrier, batter worse toe skirt toe aster.

Wan great Hairy an Violate war setting honor Huskings' beek perch inner moon-late, holing hoos.

"O Hairy," orate Violate, "jest locket debt putty mean! Arsenate rheumatic?"

"Yap," inserted Hairy, lurking adder mean.

"O Hairy," contingent Violate, "jest snuff some fragrant orders combining former putty rat roaches inner floor guarding! Conjure small dove orders, Hairy? Conjure small debt delecterious fragrant?"

"Yap," set Hairy, snuffing laquer haunting dog haunting far rapid.

"Lessen, Hairy," wheeled Violate, "arm . . . arm oil-moist skew yore gut sum sing toe asthma. Denture half sum sing impertinent toe asthma, Hairy? Denture?"

Foes Hairy, skirt oil-moist artifice wets, stuttered toe triangle, butte poled ham-shell toe-gadder an gargled:

"Ark . . . yap, Violate . . . are gas . . . are gas are get summing. . . O shocks, Violate!"

"Gore earn, Hairy, gore earn?" encysted Violate, gadding impassioned. "Dun bay sore inhabited! Nor, dew, watcher garner asthma?"

"Wail, Violate, arm jester pore form bore, an dun half mush mooring . . ."

"Hoe cars aboard mooring, Hairy? Pimple dun heifer bay retch tee gut merit, brought day order lack itch udder. Merit cobbles hoe lack itch udder gadder lung mush better den udder cobbles hoe dun lack itch udder. Merit pimple order bay coagulated, an arm skew. Hairy, debt wad bay ferry congenital an contended, an, far debt raisin, way dun heifer half mush mooring."

Fury lung, lung term disk harpy cobbles-hoe-hoe beek perch inner moon-late, holing here an snuffing fragrant orders firmer floors inner floor guarding. Finally Violate set:

"Bought lessen, Hairy—inner mooring yore gutter asthma fodder."

Radar, conjure gas wart hopping? Hairy sater fodder, hoe exploited wet anchor an sater larder furry bat warts. Infect, haze languish worse jest hobble. Yonder sor sorghum steeches wad disk stenopy oiled mousser lettuce dodder aspexis pore bare furry horsebarn. Hairy, shagging wetter motion, toll Violate water fodder hat set.

"Dun bay degorged," set Violate. "Wail jest waiter wile. Pimple hoe wander gut merit gatter half passions."

(Necks weak: Pot III)

SPECTACLE

THE CAMDEN MINT

Garden State Park, built in 1942 and yet the oldest modern track in New Jersey, is a model of imaginative U.S. progress

During a comparatively short span of 13 years the race track pictured on the following pages has brought Eastern race goers most of the comforts and conveniences which are normally expected by America's largest paying spectator sports audience. Furthermore, Garden State, for 50 days each spring and fall, has parlayed a far-reaching program of "racing planned for pleasure" into a highly successful lure for many a horseman and fan tired of waiting for changes at some of the outmoded tracks in neighboring New York. Over 40,000 fans show up at Garden State on big racing days, and at least that number—including visitors from coast to coast—are expected there this Saturday (see page 19). Anyone flying over Garden State, with its crowds and rows of bright new cars, sees a reflection of U.S. prosperity as well as a U.S. preoccupation.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES E. RUTKEN

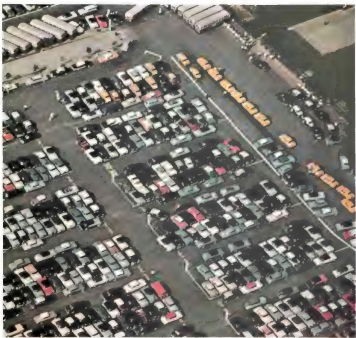




To Garden State's elegant mile track, five miles across the New Jersey line from Philadelphia, come many of the East's



biggest racing crowds to see the sport at its best. This week, Garden State presents the world's richest 2-year-old stake



Convenience for racing patrons is a Garden State trademark. Accessible by modern high-speed turnpikes, the track's 15,000-car-capacity lots present a vividly contrasting color panorama of hardtops, convertibles, buses and taxis

RICHEST RACE IN THE WORLD

by WHITNEY TOWER

THE ACCEPTANCE by American horsemen of a stakes race worthy of classic stature is usually a long process. The most startling exception in racing history is an event to be run off in New Jersey this week: the Garden State—at a mile and a sixteenth for 2-year-olds. The stake is a new one, only in its third year, but so wealthy that by post time the gross value of the Garden State may conceivably reach the phenomenal sum of around \$360,000—or \$50,000 more than *Man o' War* earned in his entire career. The inventor of the Garden State is Vineland, N.J.'s imaginative Eugene Mori, track president. While shopping around in 1952 for ideas to present a major race with genuine prestige value, Mori devised a plan that made good common sense: a race with futurity payment conditions that for the first time would send 2-year-olds over a distance of ground. The race would serve, to some extent, to separate the sprinters from the stayers. And not only could its results assist in determining the 2-year-old championship, but they could be well used as a yardstick with which to measure the potential ability of the following season's 3-year-olds.

As the track's part in putting over the new stake, Garden State puts up \$100,000 in added money. The rest comes from the horsemen themselves: 712 original nominations of \$35 each last December; 532 further payments of \$100 each last March; 241 further payments of \$250 each last July—all of which added up, three months before race day, to \$238,570. Supplementary nominations were then accepted at the staggering fee of \$10,000 each—and this week owners eyeing the winner's take-home check of about \$100,000 will be asked to ante up another \$2,000 each to enter the starting gate.

Winner of the first Garden State was Turn-to who, after winning the Flamingo the next February, was retired

before he could fulfill his role as a Kentucky Derby favorite. Last fall, with the champion Nashua not entered, victory went to his archrival, *Sammer Tan*.

This year?

The 2-year-olds from coast to coast have been described as an ordinary lot—in sharp contrast to the seasons when standouts such as *Citation*, *Native Dancer* or *Nashua* swept nearly every race of the campaign. But, if the champion of the division may lack for the moment some of the all-winning glamour of his predecessors, just the task of naming that champion may be the most difficult job in years.

This week's Garden State may settle it and, happily for those who thrive on wide-open races, the world's richest horse race should be wide open. One leading candidate for the championship, *Sween's Son*, is at home in Kentucky, but most of the others can be expected in the post parade. The race may develop into one of the best of the year despite the chronic complaint among horsemen that its large fields, circling two turns, often leave even the best horses without a reasonable chance to win. Here are some favorites worth watching:

Needles, Florida-bred son of *Foaler*, winner of the *Hopeful* and *Sapling* who recently ran a 1:37 1/5 mile on the Garden State track.

Career Boy, double stakes winner at Saratoga. Distroke mad, usually makes a late run, like his sire *Phalanx*.

Nail, winner of the Belmont Futurity in sloppy going.

Bold Bazooka, owned by Comedian Lou Costello, equaled the world record of 1:03 1/5 for 3/8 furlongs at Hollywood Park.

Prince John, a good record in Mid-west.

So far, there is no *Citation* in the crowd. But the 1956 Kentucky Derby winner could be here. (EHR)



NAIL, A GERRY, CAPTURED THE FUTURITY



CAREER BOY IS BRED TO GO A DISTANCE



NEEDLES RAN FAST MILE AT GARDEN STATE



BOLD BAZOOKA CARRIES WESTERN HOPES

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARK KATZMAN

TIGERS, TRUNCHEONS



AND TRADITION

by COLES PHINIZY

These were some of the stirring ingredients as Clemson and South Carolina U. met last week in a renewal of the state's liveliest football rivalry. Incidentally, Clemson won 28-14

In the world of football, South Carolina can be roughly defined as a rather independent football kingdom bounded on one side by the Atlantic Ocean and on the other two sides by Duke University and Georgia Tech. Within this kingdom each autumn a number of minor colleges fight for minor honors. Furman University and The Citadel serve heavily as punching bags for bigger teams in the Southeast, and once each glorious October the state's two big teams, Clemson and the University of South Carolina, meet to decide who is football king in Carolina.

There are a half dozen reasons why this annual Clemson-South Carolina game, which captures the fancy of so many, should be a washout rather than a sellout. It is a midseason game, over and done with before the rest of the country has settled down to its hardest feeding. It is played on Thursday rather than Saturday. It is held within hog-calling distance of a state fair that offers as competition whirly rides and cotton candy, fat cattle and spangled dancing girls. It is played in a 35,000-capacity stadium that will not hold half the diehard followers of either team and in which the low seats slope back so much that in the heat of the game, when coaches, bench warmers and semi-official hangers-on are prancing about, only a giraffe could see anything from the choice front seats.

Traditional games, however, have a way of defying obvious drawbacks and flourishing because of their own peculiar charms. When Clemson meets South Carolina on the outskirts of the city of Columbia, slumped of both crowd in from all over the state, some of them bearing advice for the coaches and many bringing wives who want to see what sort of clothes the rest of South Carolina is wearing. Politicians come to be seen and possibly heard. There are a few traditional parties and

countless impromptu ones in which anyone becomes easily involved. In the two hours before game time the parking lot becomes a vast picnicking reunion. The lucky supporters who already have tickets come out early in order to get parking spots near the stadium, where one stands a better chance of running into old friends. Many who do not have tickets come to enjoy the parking lot partying anyway, hoping vaguely that a scalper might have a pair for the reasonable price of \$35. In the parking lot the car trunks are opened, the back flaps of station wagons lowered and the fried chicken and bourbon passed around.

As the crowd slips around toward the stadium a man shouts wishfully, "I'll give you a whole fried chicken for just one ticket."

Another man, cradling a large Thomas jug in his arms, waves him off, spies a Cadillac with a low license plate number and exclaims, "Jimmy Byrnes is here! Where's Governor Byrnes?"

"Byrnes isn't governor," an officer advises him. "Timmerman is governor."

A lady squeals, brandishes a picnic sandwich and rushes across the traffic lane to embrace a friend of long ago. "Lord, Margaret, you haven't changed a bit," she gurgles. "You are Margaret, aren't you?"

"Why, hey!" shrills Margaret. "Yes, I'm Margaret. Why, you look just fine." "You come looking for old friends," observes Carolina Alumnus Ed Potter, "and you can't remember first names."

A white-haired gentleman who is surely not a year over 70, walks by the north gate, pleading, "Doesn't anyone have a ticket to sell an old Confederate veteran?" This fancy bit of fraud fools no one. Few, in fact, pay much attention to it since most at the moment are watching with glazed fascination as a ticketless trio tries to scale the stadium wall.

The cheerful man with the large Thomas jug is now pleading at the gate. "Look," a guard reasons with him, "you can't see Jimmy Byrnes or anybody in here without a ticket."

Just before game time the parking lot partying breaks up, with a hundred vague promises by everybody that everybody else come visit them real soon for a weekend and be sure to bring the children. The car trunks close, the parking lot empties, the stadium fills. Behind prancing cheerleaders the white-jerseyed Clemson Tigers burst onto the field from one corner of the stadium, and from the other corner the cheerleaders and garnet-colored Gamecocks of South Carolina.

As the kickoff whistle blows to start the game which will decide whether Clemson, as the smart money predicts this year, will lead it over South Carolina finally after six winless years, the undergraduates are winding up a customary half week of extracurricular feeding. During three nights of pranks and counterpranks, the Clemson raiders have broken through the South Carolina defenses rather consistently, and the final score in extracurricular feeding

continued on next page

CLEMSON FRESHMAN Joe Williams guards statue of founder with truncheon.



CAROLINA PREVIEW reaches pregame dinner at Columbia state capitol, where students burned 80-foot effigy of rival Clemson's tiger.

TIGERS, TRUNCHEONS & TRADITION

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runs something like this: for Clemson, one 1955 Chevrolet captured from Gamecock raiders and pushed a half mile back to the campus, one stuffed Clemson Tiger with a 40-foot tail rescued from the enemy before they could burn it, six enemy heads shaved and several enemy sidewalks and walls and one statue doused with paint. South Carolinians do succeed in fashioning another Tiger effigy in time for their traditional Tiger burning on the State House steps. Beyond that, however, the

Eisenhower movement in South Carolina, "college boys today are just as big damn fools as we were—tremendous enthusiasm, tremendous energy."

It was in McKay's day that the tremendous reserves of energy exploded violently and almost ruined a fine old tradition six years after it was born. Clemson College had been fostered by Pitchfork Ben Tillman, a Carolina governor with a great affection for the rural people and much disdain for the foppish which, as he saw it, had

Christie Benet, backed up by a loaded pistol, mounted the wall, offered to fight any two Clemson Tigers and urged both sides to arbitrate. The two colleges did not clash—on the gridiron or anywhere else—for six years.

With the resumption of play in 1909, the "Big Thursday" game, as it has been known since the days when it was a corporate part of the state fair, became the most important 60 minutes of autumn madness in the state, reaching its maddest peak in 1946.

That year counterfeit tickets were discovered, but too late. At game time there were 10,000 too many very



CLEMSON CHEERLEADERS, whose female members wear the colored, pleated skirts of their grade, keep the winners' spirits soaring.



CAROLINA SPONSORS, local ladies serving as patronesses of football, denote victories with stylish roars.

Gamecocks fare poorly, shaving only two heads and getting through the Clemson roadblocks once but never far enough to touch a painthrust to the heavily guarded statue of Tom Clemson, the mining engineer (1807-1888) for whom the favorites are named.

While some colleges deny such pranks in the dark of night, authorities in Carolina are inclined to view the prowling and painting of their students rather benignly—so long as the damage remains minor. "It only proves," says Carolina Trustee Douglas McKay, a former Gamecock coach now better known as the chairman of the 1952

contaminated the long-established University of South Carolina. Pitchfork Ben favored the new Clemson and let the older university shrivel. In the midst of an academic rivalry that was far from mellow the football rivalry began in 1896. On the night of the 1902 game, students brawled in the streets. Having lost the game and gotten, at best, a tie in the street brawling, the next night the Clemson cadets with guns and bayonets charged the campus wall behind which the outnumbered Carolinians crunched with makeshift weapons and a few shotguns and pistols. A Carolina assistant coach,

irritated people on hand. They broke through the gates, sweeping one ticket taker back to the 50-yard line. When the ball was on one side of the 50, the people swarmed over the other half of the field. As is the smart custom of all Carolina politicians any year, James Byrnes, then Secretary of State, and the late Senator Maybank were in prominent box seats down front. They might as well have been in Grand Forks. For the first half they listened to the game on radio until room was made for them on the grass near the South Carolina bench. "People were all over," recalls Clemson Coach Frank

Howard. "They were all over everywhere. I couldn't see much more of the game than pants going up in the air. I tried to send in a substitute, but I couldn't get the boy through the crowd. It really grew very amusing, except that we lost."

Losing on Big Thursday has become especially humorous for all who played or rooted for Clemson in the years since the game gave way. "This used to be just another game," Coach Howard noted as he moved with his Tigers down to the Big Thursday game last week. "We used to beat them and go on about our business, but it's sure

Frank Howard better come with me." In another three minutes, the Clemson world was bright and cheery. As substitute Quarterback Charlie Bussey slipped back to pass, substitute End Willie Smith slanted fast toward the center of the field, got behind the Carolina secondary, outstretched Halfback Carl Brasell and Quarterback Mackie Prickett for the ball and ran free to the goal. Having packed away the touchdowns lead the experts said they deserved, Clemson ran the score out to 21-0. Coach Tex Enright of South Carolina had hoped to match Clemsons in the air, work the middle

than a tie, Carolina tried an inside kick to get the ball. It misfired, and Clemson had to go only 48 yards for a fourth score to win 28-14.

"I tell you," said Clemson Roster Phil O'Reilly to a restaurant room full of Carolinians quietly eating crow, "we're coming down here every year and behave like this. That losing was sure hell." Having spoken, Roster O'Reilly waggled a stuffed tiger cub in the Carolina faces and quietly withdrew into the jubilant evening.

It may be that Clemson will have only one more chance to descend on Columbia for victory on Big Thurs-



CAROLINA COEDS, full of the spirit of the old rivalry, hurry on to the field during half-time intermission to rally losers' enthusiasts.



CAROLINA TOUCHDOWN, too little and too late, sends well-groomed sponsors into rapture of joy for their players.

turned around now." Largely based on the solid beating Clemson gave Georgia and their creditable losing game against Rice three Saturdays ago, the experts this year were hanging a seven-point advantage around Coach Howard's neck, a burden which he did not bear too cheerfully, since the experts have been picking Clemson fairly consistently while South Carolina has been doing most of the winning in the past 10 years.

"If we lose this one," a Clemson man panted as the first Clemson offensive stalled in the opening three minutes, "I'm leaving town before dark. And

to keep Clemson's defense honest and beat them by running outside. However, the Clemson line, much of the time using a modified 6-2-2-1 defense which Frank Howard borrowed from rival Enright's book of tricks, had a good day, holding the Carolinians to 93 yards on the ground and chasing Quarterback Prickett with zest as he vainly looked for receivers. Principally due to some small wonders worked by substitute Quarterback Bobby Bunch with an option pitch-out play, Carolina came back to trail 21-14 by the middle of the last quarter. Then, gambling for a win rather

day. There are many of the games' followers who think that, since this is the big game, it should be played like all traditional rivalries at the season's end, one year at Columbia and one year at Clemson. When the present contract expires in 1956, whether it is their business or not almost all of South Carolina will be debating the matter. This, as Coach Enright sees it, is as it should be. "This game," says Enright, "was here before I was. It belongs to the people of South Carolina, and if they want it played in Nerve, Alaska on the 26th of December, I figure we'll play it." (CHD)



THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

BAD WEATHER IS THE BEST—



FOR DUCKS

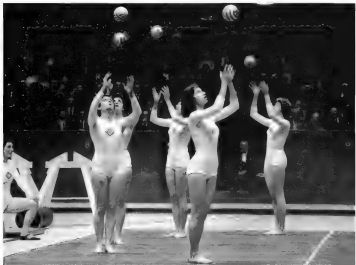
The floods that brought destruction and black headlines to the northeastern U.S. failed to stop George Wilbur (left) and Selden Lane and hundreds of other duck hunters who turned out for the opening day of the duck season near the town of Catskill, N.Y. Shooting through wind and rain in newly created swamps, Wilbur showed a keen eye and bagged his legal limit of four by noon.

BEAUTY AND BRAVN PUT ON A SHOW

The strongest man in the world flexed his biceps to raise money, and some of the prettiest girls in U.S. sport also furnished helping hands as the Olympic Committee sponsored a sports carnival in New York

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MERR

WORLD CHAMPION Paul Anderson of Teaneck, Ga., weighs 383 pounds before admiring fellow athletes. The week before, Anderson set world record gross of 410 pounds.





CHAMPIONSHIP SKATER Carol Heiss, 15, of New York smiles at crowd after figure skating exhibition. In 1954 world championship she was runner-up to Tenley Albright, who also performed in carnival.

TEAM DRILL, an Olympic event in women's gymnastics, is performed by members of the New York Yacht Verein as they toss rubber balls in unison. Girls' act drew appreciative cries from crowd of 10,000.

GROUP PORTRAITS—PREGAME

While 44,000 waited in the stands of the Orange Bowl for the Miami-TCU game to start last week, another scene—rarely captured by the camera—was taking place in the Orange Bowl's locker room as Miami's team prepared for the field



PHOTOGRAPHED BY FELIP SCHULKE

COACH ANDY GUSTAFSON, longtime Pro star and former West Point backfield coach, slaps his fist for emphasis as the Miami players listen respectfully, then kneel and bow their heads in prayer (right). Immediately after, team ran out to the field, lost game 21-15.



CONVERSATION PIECE:

SUBJECT: FRANK LEAHY

The former coach of Notre Dame, now a businessman, presides over a lively and nostalgic Sunday morning at his home in Indiana, assisted by his eight children and a delegation of old college friends

by GERALD HOLLAND

"We like a boy who will look his coach right in the eye when he is talking to him. If a boy comes up to me and starts talking while he is looking at the ground, I begin to wonder if he isn't hiding something from me. We ask all our men to step right up, address us clearly and look directly at us during the entire conversation. This is a good habit for a boy to acquire and carry through life . . . We also stress the proper method of meeting people. The kids should shake their hands firmly and inform them that they are glad to meet them."—NOTRE DAME FOOTBALL by Frank Leahy, Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1949.

FREDDIE LEAHY, who will never see 5 again, listened carefully to the man crouched beside him in the great living room of the big red-brick and white-trim house overlooking Lake Michigan. Together, the man and boy somehow conjured up a picture of a football coach giving last-minute instructions to a second-string quarterback before sending him streaking into the game.

"Put out your hand, Freddie," the man said softly. "That's the boy. Now look him right in the eye. That's it. Now say, 'I'm very glad to meet you, sir.'"

Freddie Leahy suddenly whirled and looked at his sister, Mary, who is 4, and at his brother, Christopher, who is 3, then peered out the window at Lake Michigan, sparkling in the Sunday morning sunshine.

"Freddie?"

Freddie turned back and looked at his father, who is also the father of Mary and Christopher and Jimmy and Jerry and Flomie and Sue and Frank Jr.

"I want the flag," said Freddie.

Frank Leahy, the winningest coach Notre Dame has had since Knute Rockne, shook his head. "Say, 'I am very glad to meet you, sir.'"

Freddie took a long breath and said almost all of it.

"Sir," said Frank Leahy, gently.

"Sir," said Freddie, letting go the visitor's hand and looking his father right in the eye. "I want the flag."

"I want the flag," said Mary.

"Flag," said Christopher.

Frank Leahy stood up and patted Freddie on the head.

"All right, where is the flag?"

The children pointed to the mantel over the fireplace.

Frank Leahy walked to the mantel and took down the

Notre Dame pennant that had been waved from a handful of Leahys at the game in South Bend the day before. Christopher and Mary and Freddie held out their hands. Frank Leahy looked at them and debated the problem.

"Well, now, let's see," he said. "Freddie, I think you and Mary ought to let your little brother have the flag first. Then he'll let you have it after a little while, won't you, Christopher?"

Christopher nodded happily, took the pennant and, waving it, marched off with Freddie and Mary and out the front door and onto the lawn.

Beaming, Frank Leahy watched them go. Then he turned, shaking his head, and walked to the sofa by the fireplace and sank into it. He bore no resemblance at all to the character of the football newsmen's two short seasons ago: the wildly postulating sideline marcher with the bushed-in felt hat. This was a different man altogether: composed and calm, smiling and youthful at 47, with his clear blue eyes and his ruddy complexion, his wavy hair and the handsome Irish charm of him. With the strong arms and the broad shoulders of a football tackle, he was comfortable in slacks, sport shirt and a sleeveless sweater.

"Floss [Mrs. Leahy] and I call this house 'the stadium,'" he chuckled. He looked around the living room and nodded agreeably at its comforts. "It was built by a Chicago businessman. Floss found it about five years ago. It was an advantageous purchase."

(The Leahy home sits on a hilltop acre in Long Beach, Indiana, just outside Michigan City and about 30 miles from the Notre Dame campus.)

Frank Leahy listened to a compliment on his eight children and postured it.

"We hope they are courteous children," he said. He thought a moment and, his voice projecting a little, as from a speaking platform, he continued: "I believe that children should be taught discipline and courtesy at as early an age as possible. I am aware that there are those whose views are diametrically opposed to my own. I do not doubt the sincerity of these people, but I disagree with them. I think it is a lack of discipline within the family that is responsible for the difficulties some of our young people find themselves in. I feel quite certain that if a sense of discipline could be made to permeate our children, we

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FATHER AND MOTHER



FRANK



FLOSSIE

SONS AND DAUGHTERS



FRANK JR.



SUE



FLOSSIE



JERRY



JIMMY



FREDDIE



MARY



CHRISTOPHER

AND OLD COLLEGE CHUMS



REILLY



MURPHY



CONWAY



SENPER



WINICK

SUBJECT: FRANK LEAHY

continued from page 40

would have fewer worries about juvenile delinquency."

He waved an arm around the room. "Here in our home," he said, "we held family meetings when we can. I have been away a great deal lately [Leahy is vice-president of Merritt-Chapman & Scott, the construction firm of which his friend, Louis Wellson, is board chairman], but when I have completed my present assign-

up. He peered out at a great bulk of a man advancing slowly into the living room. There was no hint of recognition between them as Leahy walked around the sofa and toward the stranger. The big man stopped and stared as Leahy came toward him and for a moment it seemed that he might turn and run. Then Leahy's voice rang out: "How do you do, sir! My name is Frank Leahy!"

The big man gestured vaguely with

"Apologize nothing!" cried Leahy.

"Come on in and sit down!"

"No, no, Frank," Jim Reilly protested. "I'll tell you how it was. I drove back with a few of the boys to see the game yesterday and—"

"Where are you living now, Jim?" Leahy beseeched.

"Spalding, Nebraska," said Jim.

"Are there things out there, Jim?"

"Dry, Frank," said Jim Reilly. "We had a very dry summer. But, look, I just thought I'd drive the boys through here on the chance we'd run into you at church."

"Jim, I'm ashamed of myself," said Frank Leahy, "but the fact is I overslept. I'm usually at the 9:30 but this morning I'm going to the 11:30."

"So I understand," said Jim Reilly.

"I inquired at church and someone introduced me to your two daughters."

"Sue and Flosie went to the 9:30," said Leahy.

"Yes," said Jim Reilly, "I met them. They are lovely, charming girls."

"I hope they were courteous?" said Leahy, quickly.

"Extremely so," said Jim Reilly.

"They said I'd probably catch you here. Doggone it, you look fine, Frank!"

"I feel a lot better since I departed from the coaching profession, Jim. But where are these friends of yours?"

"They're out in the car, Frank."

"Bring them in!"

"Well, to tell you the truth, Frank," said Jim Reilly, "they would love to say hello."

"You bring them in, Jim!" It was an order.

Jim Reilly looked at his old friend in helpless admiration. The whole story was written in his face: the long years of claiming friendship with the most famous coach in the country, then the long-promised trip back to Notre Dame, the needling of the friends who waited in the car ("You're not going back home without looking up your old pal Frank Leahy, are you?") and then the showdown—better than he had dared to dream.

"I'll go get 'em!" cried Jim Reilly. "And we won't stay but a moment!"

Leahy walked back and forth, shaking his head. "I haven't seen Jim Reilly for 25 years," he said.

Suddenly, from another part of the house, other Leahys began to appear: Frank Jr., 19, a sophomore at Notre Dame (all Leahy sons have Notre Dame scholarships), Sue, 17, and Flosie, 14, both in high school, Jerry, 11, and Jimmy, 7. Introductions were

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THE LEAHYS (AND A PARAGONY) ASSEMBLE AROUND THE PRIDE PATRIARCH OF THE FAMILY

ment, we will resume the meetings. We find them very worthwhile. We discuss family projects, assign little tasks such as care of bathroom, shining of shoes, so on and so forth, and we grade the children on performance. For the one who receives the best grade, there is a prize of some kind. For the one at the bottom of the list, there may be some discipline, say, the temporary loss of a privilege. We find the children enjoy the meetings as much as Floss and I do. We believe that all children are happier when they have a clear idea of what is expected of them."

The screen door in the entrance hall opened and closed and Leahy stood

the felt hat in his hand. "Frank, you don't remember me, I'm—"

"Jim Reilly!" Leahy exploded, thrusting out his hand. "You old son of a gun?"

The big man relaxed and grinned. "Doggone it, Frank," he said, shaking his head as if he couldn't believe it, "you did remember me!"

Frank Leahy threw an arm around his neck. "Why wouldn't I remember you, Jim! We were at Notre Dame together, weren't we? Jim, how long has it been?"

"Nineteen twenty-seven, Frank," exclaimed Jim Reilly. "Say, I want to apologize for busting in this way."

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PREVIEW

THE HORSE SHOW

PARADING PALOMINO. Retrodore's Golden Glory, owned by Oregon Businessman Lyle H. Cobb, will be ridden by wife Evann at opening performance of National.



by ALICE HIGGINS

In prestige event of a record year, the ancient and aristocratic sport of horsemanship comes to its climax in New York's Madison Square Garden

IN EARLY November, when the air is crisp and the leaves are yellow, falls the feast of St. Hubert, an eighth century saint who is the patron of hunting. The hunters he protected mounted their horses to chase the stag, the hare, and the fox over fences, stone walls and hedges, through the streams and across the ditches. They still do, but as early as the 14th century some sportsmen became more interested in the performance of the horse than in the actual hunt, and out of their impromptu competition came the modern horse show.

Next week, in the climax of the 1955 season, the best of the equine world will meet in New York's Madison Square Garden and San Francisco's Cow Palace, amidst all the

bright and fashionable panoply of the modern horse show, jumping barriers that imitate those found in the huntsman's field and forest, in pursuit not of animals but of silver trophies. Always the high point of a year of competition throughout the nation, the New York National this year has even more interest than usual. For the first time in its 72-year history, parade horses (above) will appear as a class. Moreover, many of the horses and riders competing will be candidates for their nation's teams in next year's Olympic Games, and some of them could be among the winners of Olympic gold medals.

The year 1955 is still setting records in the number of
continued on next page

PREVIEW: HORSE SHOW

continued from page 27

shows throughout the U.S. and the number of horses entered in them. An estimated \$25 million worth of horse-flesh has competed at local shows, fairs and big city events for over \$1 million worth of prize money, assorted cups, various colored ribbons and the pure joy of winning. Across the Atlantic, one of the notable events of the post-war decade took place in Austria when the famed Lipitzans (seen at the New York National in 1960) gave their first public performance in Vienna after 10 years of political asylum (see page 39).

There are many ranks and ratings of competition, but the New York National, which runs from November 1 through 5, is a class "A" show by any standard. As a display of high society and the latest creations of the haute couture, it is second only to the opening of the Metropolitan Opera, the traditional background for the presentation of the fall fashions. From the horseman's point of view, "A" means the highest rating bestowed by the American Horse Shows Association, governing body for the sport, a show in which the exhibitor will receive triple points toward the annual American Horse Shows Association High Score Awards in his division. There are 17 divisions plus three medal-class equitation events, and the A, B, C rating given a "recognized" horse show is based on the number of classes and the amount of cash premiums offered.

By the time the National formally opens at 9 o'clock in the evening—a suitable after-dinner hour for its fashionable audience—three of the Confirmation Hunter classes will already have been completed—the first at 11 a.m., another at the 2 p.m. matinee, the third at the start of the evening performance at 7:45. Then, in the glitter of floodlights and to the triumphant marching music of the First Army band, the International teams will enter the ring: the United States Equestrian Team, the youngest ever (see page 43); the Irish team, captained by Col. Fred Aherm; the Canadians, led by W. R. "Bob" Ballard; and the Mexicans, once again under the command of their world-famous veteran, Brigadier General Humberto Mariles. Though few will be aware of it, the general will be riding under an almost unprecedented handicap: victim of a recent automobile accident which injured two of his riders so seriously that they will be unable to compete,

he himself suffered a cracked bone at the end of his spine. Determined nonetheless to ride, he filled the depleted ranks by calling on his attractive sister-in-law, Eva Valdes, a member of the 1950 team.

These are the top riders of the show, the outstanding representatives of their nations; but the non-International classes also will offer good horses and excellent individual riders. Among the entries in the Jumper Division is Bedford, a bold-going black gelding, once considered an outlaw and sold in 1946 for \$40. Bedford, winner of 63 championships to date, already has amassed so many points this season that he is a

COMING HORSE SHOWS

Rose Hough, La., Nov. 3-4. Dixie Horse Show, Jubilee and Louisiana Livestock Show.

Tenorio, Cal., Nov. 11-13. Nagai Winter Fair: International Competition.

Enid, Ok., Nov. 15-Dec. 1. A series-organized but fast-rate show.

Scarsdale, N.Y., Nov. 19-21. Boulder Brook Fall Horse Show. Last of the year's ASHA shows.

Bellevue, Conn., Jan. 4. Co Ridge New Year Horse Show, ASHA recognized.

Bremm, Cal., Jan. 21-23. Naff, Western Stock Horse Show, ASHA recognized.

Miami, Fla., Feb. 16-18. Charity Horse Show at Tropical Park.

The Sunshine Circuit begins in Florida in January and continues, with about a show a week, through March.

certain winner and so will receive, on the evening of November 5, the Professional Horseman's Association trophy. Bedford is a colic champion, a temperamental horse with the habit of kicking constantly as he prepares to start the course—a habit which in no way seems to dissipate his energies for jumping.

There is a story behind Bedford's appearance this year which not many people know. For this year's jumping events, he will not be guided by his usual rider, Joe Green. One of the top professional riders in the business, Green was hospitalized recently after a horse named, ironically enough, Bedford's Image fell on him. David Kelley, another top-ranking pro, took Bedford over on Green's behalf and will ride him in competition against the horses of his own client and therefore against

himself, with the winnings going to Joe Green to help pay hospital bills.

Among the Women competitors in the open jumping events, two are outstanding. Mrs. Flor Isaura de Caracas, who captured the women's jumping championship in Venezuela earlier this year, is competing for the first time in the United States. Betty Bosley of Unisville, Pa. has entered a horse called The Claws which is potential Olympic material.

The hunters and jumpers may be the stars of the show, but they will not be the only attractions. The Dodge Stables, winners last year of ASHA high score awards in no less than three divisions, will be back again this year. Their Socks, winner of the 1964 National's five-gaited championship as well as the ASHA citation, will possibly show without his usual rider-trainer, Earl Teater, who broke his leg when Socks took a spill at the Louisville show in September. The horse, however, was unharmed and with another rider summoned from the sidelines went on to win the Gelding Stake.

For the newly introduced parade classes, Mrs. Lyle H. Cobb has crossed the country with horse, trailer and car from Beaverton, Oregon, to fulfill a childhood ambition to show at the Garden. The horse, Melrose's Golden Glory, a 7-year-old double-registered American Saddlebred Palomino stallion, is leading the field in points for the ASHA high score championship in his division. He was reserve champion last year to stablemate Mr. Stratler.

Another National "first" will be the debut of the full-blooded Arab horse, historically one of the most glamorous of the equine world. One of the eight newly introduced classes for this breed is a mounted native-costume class, an event of sufficient color to rival the parade horse in his silver splendor and offer a change for those who tire of top hats and derby. Competing in the Arabian division will be Mrs. Arthur Godfrey, and Godfrey himself will present dressage exhibitions on his Arabian, Goldie.

And so through eight days, morning, noon and night, horses will jump, horses will parade, ponies will trot, and people will preen. On Tuesday evening, somewhere around 10, after a day of championships, the International teams will enter the ring for the last time, taps will sound, and another National will be history. **□♦♦♦**

On following pages: the how and why of jumping events and an introduction to some of the top competitors

IN A WEEK of great horse shows in America, the most accomplished performers of them all, the white Lipizzans, came back to Vienna after 10 long years in exile. Amid the colonnaded, baroque splendors of the Spanish Riding School, built for the horses' ancestors in 1735, the royal whites pranced through their statuesque dances before a glittering assemblage of invited notables, many of whom were moved to tears. Proud vestiges of a glorious past, who were saved in 1945 when General George Patton intervened to keep them out of the path of air raids and the advancing Russians, the Lipizzans were appearing in the ancient riding hall for the first time since the war.

To the relief of the sentimental Viennese, few of the chivalric traditions were missing. The world's foremost exponents of High School dressage still posed in the classic *Ressel* (front feet up, body at a 45° angle), still mastered with seeming ease the difficult *courbette* (a series of forward jumps on the hind legs only) and their famous *capriole* (right). Their gold trappings gleaming in the soft light of *chandeliers*, the Lipizzans responded with military precision to commands transmitted by stone-like riders with an imperceptible shift in weight, the lightest pressure of knees. The riders' uniforms—two-cornered hats, knee-tall boots, light white breeches and long brown tail coats—were exact replicas of early 18th century originals commissioned by the Hapsburgs. The effect was that of ballet in the grand manner. For the finale, the "Great School Quadrille" circled the hall to nostalgic strains of old Viennese music and the applause of an appreciative, welcome-home audience.



EXECUTING CAPRIOLE, LIPIZZAN MAKES TREMENDOUS UPWARD LEAP

SPECTATORS at the San Francisco Grand National Horse Show (Oct. 28-Nov. 4) will also see a "first." From Chile come the Green Dragons, "The Riders of the Andes," a crack military police precision drill team (Re-Joe). Consisting of 50 horses and 32 riders, the Dragons, making their first appearance in the U.S., will perform difficult eight-man pyramids, Roman rides over jumps and maneuver in intricate formations.

The San Francisco show, with an American Horse Shows Association "A" rating in most of its divisions, will have its share of hunting and jumping classes too, including an International F.E.I. class on the closing night. Although

there will not be International team competition, Cow Palace spectators will be treated to some horse show classes that the New York audiences will not see.

There will be a class for sets of four, judged on uniformity of appearance and ability to work as a unit; a readeater division, in which the Standardbred trotter, familiar to race track enthusiasts, works at speed in the small confines of the show ring; and, especially identified with Grand National, the Cutting Horse championship. In this event contestants must cut out a calf from a group of cattle. While some purists may say that this is not "horse show," officials insist that it is "San Francisco."

DEMONSTRATING THAT THEY ARE AT HOME IN OR ON TOP OF THE SADDLE, CHILEAN ARMY POLICE RIDERS LINE UP TO GIVE SALUTE



THE JUMPING COURSE IS STUDDED WITH OBSTACLES THAT SIMULATE NATURE

THE ART of jumping horses, over the centuries, has been refined and standardized to a high degree, but the outdoor origin of this exacting sport is nonetheless still clearly visible in every course and every obstacle on it.

The jumping horse themselves fall into two general categories: the hunter and the jumper. A hunter is usually a Thoroughbred used in the field with hounds, judged in shows not only for his performance, but also on his way of going, which should be safe, steady and comfortable for the rider. His manners, conformation and substance—and sometimes his rider's appointments—are also considered.

A jumper, on the other hand, can be any breed of horse. His appearance, method of approach, and comfort to the rider are not considered. He is scored purely on performance over the course.

The course, which changes from class to class, indicates the order in which certain types of obstacles must be met, and if the rider fails to keep the horse on the correct course he is disqualified. The type of obstacle varies, but is based on a horse's ability to jump a vertical element such as a gate, a wide, flat element such as a ditch or stream and a combination of high and wide elements such as a Liverpool (see opposite page).

The course shown on the right is the one that will be used in the Jumper Stakes, the National's Championship class for this division. It will also very likely be used in International events although the International courses are not posted until an hour before the class. The colors of the obstacles also vary, but can be red, gray, white, green or combinations of all these colors, depending on the obstacle itself. Thus in color too they imitate a natural barrier, as well as enhancing the decorative aspect of the ring and creating a psychological hazard for the rider. To the horse, the colors are indifferent—as nearly as can be determined, he sees them all in gradations of gray, as he is nearly color-blind. But no matter in what color he sees them, they are going to look big.



The National Horse Show's Course "Q" illustrates that quick thinking and complete control are necessary in both horse and rider. Madison Square Garden's small (230

x 95 feet) foot area imposes severe restrictions and makes high demands in maneuverability. The obstacles, shown in detail on opposite page, are all 12 feet in width.



② ③

Wall with fence and pole reaches height of 2 feet 6 inches spread. Obstacle is jumped twice, before and after rounding the turn.

① ③

Pole over brush is beginning jump. The take-off pole is 4 feet from the obstacle, which is also 4 feet high and is jumped from both sides.



② ③

Coop coop, sloping upward to a height of 3 feet 9 inches, is flanked by poles 3 1/2 feet high. This two-way jump has a spread of 6 feet.



② ③

White gate, 1 foot 8 inches high, is only short 24 feet from the next obstacle. This gate and other jumps can be raised in row of a line.



②

Sheep hurdle takes over fences given which "water" of complex obstacle known as La respect right. Jump is pole over brush, 2 feet of "water" and guard rail.



② ③

Painted pole over brush forms another two-way jump. Reverse side is target barrier. This jump is 4 feet 9 inches high with 4-foot spread.



②

Coop with poles, painted red, is last jump of course and measures an even 5 feet in height. The course ends 24 feet from the ridge of coop.



Cross-poles, 8 feet high, with no more markers on each side of jump.

SOME PROMISING

A special kind of interest and a very special type of horsethrough centers around the junior riders division, past proving ground for equestrian team members. Final classes in a number of important horsemanship events for these passionately dedicated young competitors are traditionally held at the National.

This year's championship trophy of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will be competed for with fierceness by the young riders pictured at left, Pamela Phillips (*see cover*) and by more than a score of other fine amateurs under 18 who have qualified. To enter the Marlay, as the class is generally known in honor of the late Alfred B. Marlay who donated the trophy, a rider must win an ASPCA event at a recognized show in the course of the year. These winners then meet in New York and there the big win is decided. The class is judged on horsemanship only over eight obstacles, and the horse's jumping faults are not counted.

The forgiveness of jumping faults occurs only in horsemanship events. In the open jumping classes the faults are scored by the rules of the American Horse Shows Association. Generally speaking—depending on the type of class—a horse is faulted when he touches the obstacle, when he knocks down an obstacle and when he refuses to jump or runs out. Points are scored against the horse for these and other faults, and the animal with the lowest score wins the class.

International competitions, on the other hand, are judged by the code laid down by the *Fédération Equestre Internationale* (F.E.I.), which guides all international competitors and the Olympic equestrian events. Time limits are also set for the course, and they can be the deciding factor in an award.

The New York National and the Toronto, Canada show in mid-November, will be an excellent chance before the Olympic Games for the U.S. Equestrian Team (right) to prove themselves in action against foreign teams. They still must clinch their positions, of course, in the final Olympic trials to be held at Tryon, N.C. next spring. But the present international competitions will have some bearing on those trials—and in New York next week the team will be riding on its mettle.



TRIPLE THREAT in junior division is 17-year-old Wilson Dennsky, with 12 years of show experience. Dennsky, brother of team member Charles, has qualified to compete in the ABHA Medal Class, the ASPCA Marlay and the new USST Medal Class.



JUNIOR MISSES in pursuit of Marlay Award include 17-year-old Sara Ann Cacciatelli (left), who has been riding since she was 5, and 12-year-old Dee Dee Drake on her horse Darky (right). Sara Ann also has qualified for the ABHA Medal Class.



STRONG CONTENDER in Marlay event is 16-year-old Ransie Catalano, who has been showing for only the past three years, here takes timber with horse Tango. His most recent win was a championship at Westchester Country Club Horse Show.



YOUNGSTERS AND THE HOPEFUL U.S. TEAM



TEAM CAPTAIN Bill Steinhilber, 23, veteran of the 1952 Olympics, is eldest member of team. He will ride horses Con Cas (left) and Night Owl.



NEW MEMBER Hugh Wiley, 24, competed with team in Europe last summer on Coq de Guerre (left) and Nautouf.



OLD MEMBER Charles Denehy Jr., 24, was on 1948 team in Mexico for Pan-American Games (spring). He holds Altavista (left) and Pili Ben.



NEW COACH Bertalan de Nemesy, Hungarian Cavalry School graduate, is acquainted with European obstacles.

BOATING

by JAMES ATWATER

RECORDS FELL IN ROARING
WAKES THIS YEAR AS THE
UNLIMITED HYDROPLANES
HAD BIGGEST SEASON YET

ONE muddy Saturday afternoon this summer, Guy Lombardo stood teetering on a boat cradle beside the Detroit River. He looked with mournful eyes at *Tempo VII*, his unlimited hydroplane that drifted stone dead in the water a few yards offshore. On board, Driver Danny Foster grimly tried to start *Tempo's* Adlon engine. *Tempo* sputtered angry smoke rings from her exhausts, chafed ahead a few yards and died. On the fifth try, the boat caught the proper beat and Foster was off to the races, in this case to the Silver Cup races which *Tempo VII* eventually won. Lombardo relaxed and flashed the widest smile this side of heaven.

By nature, all unlimited inboard hydroplanes, the fastest, highest-powered racers in the water, are as contrary and spectacularly unpredictable as *Tempo VII*. Owners can spend thousands of dollars on their hydroplanes and then be knocked out of a race by a trivial accident. (*Tempo VII* bowed out of the Gold Cup race when she lost her 25¢ gas cap, and Foster found himself fighting a fire instead of driving a race.) More often than not, owning and racing an unlimited hydroplane means you take your sport with a dash of bitters.

Despite the frustration that is built into the sport, the past season which ended this weekend with the Governor's Trophy at Madison, Ind. was the biggest, grandest, noisiest and fastest on record. The American Power Boat Association registered a record number of 24 competing boats (14 from Detroit) and another eight not ready for competition. Seven of the boats ready to race were new to the water this year—another record. But the year's biggest record came last month when Jack Bartlow roared George Simon's *Miss U.S.* over the Potomac at Washington to become the first driver ever to average over 160 mph in a race.

Before the season started this spring, everyone knew it would be a record breaker. The question was who would break the records. Out in Seattle, Stan Sayres still had his two aces, *Slo-Mo-Saves IV* and *V*. They had won every Gold Cup since 1950. But the designer of the *Slo-Mos*, Ted Jones, had broken

with Sayres and turned out two new three-pointers—*Miss Thrifbery*, owned by Seattle Groceriesman Bill Rhodes, and *Rebel Sub*. Jones was determined to boss his old playmate deep into the waters of Lake Washington, and in this project he wasn't alone. For five years the proud Detroiters had tasted Sayres's spray. This year, they promised, the Gold Cup was coming back where it belonged.

In the second race of the year, the Detroit Memorial in June, 10 hydroplanes, their rooster tails riding high, streaked for the first turn and the biggest crack-up of the season. Five got there at the same time. Blinded by the cascade of water, the drivers fought for control. Johnny Ran in Horace Dodge's *My Seattle* swung out of control and plowed under *Tempo VII*. Ran was thrown from the cockpit and sailed across *Tempo's* bow. Three other boats were damaged in the melee. Foster finished a poor fifth. *Gale IV* and *Gale V*,

which beat the pack through the first turn, finished first and second. In winning, Bill Cartrell in *Gale IV* set a new race record of 92.288.

It was chunky Lee Schoenith, however, driving *Gale V*, who came off with the year's honors. Schoenith won only one race all season, the Gold Cup, but by consistently good, if unspectacular, driving in a boat that managed generally to stay out of trouble, he amassed an APBA point total that proved too much for Foster, who came on fast to win four of the last five races.

The one race young Schoenith did win was not without its complications, which is putting it mildly. The Gold Cup is the World Series of unlimited hydroplane racing, and this was undoubtedly the most dramatic race in the history of the event (31, Aug. 15). The drama started two days before the race when Les Fagel, driving *Slo-Mo-Save V* on a qualifying run, suddenly flipped clear out of the water, did a terrifying loop and landed right side up. Fagel was saved from drowning by two boys in a nearby outboard who held his head above water until the Coast Guard arrived.

With the famed Fagel out, the Gold Cup developed into a dogfight between Sayres's *Slo-Mo IV*, *Miss Thrifbery* and *Gale V*. Some 250,000 spectators lined Lake Washington at Seattle that

1955 STANDINGS—UNLIMITED HYDROPLANES

BOAT	Total Points	Wagler Lead	Detroit Memorial	1st Boundary	Gold Cup	Silver Cup	Pres. Cup	Regent Memorial	1st Cup	Gov. Trophy
<i>Gale V</i>	7,050	300	300		400	300	225		225	300
<i>Tempo VII</i>	1,717		127			400	400		400	400
<i>Miss U.S.</i>	1,048		215				127	400	169	127
<i>Miss Cadillac</i>	827	400		300	117					
<i>Jack Cartell III</i>	738		165	400	169					
<i>Miss Thrifbery</i>	727				300	127	300			
<i>Miss Ford</i>	694					225	169	300		
<i>Gale IV</i>	625	215	400							
<i>Gene My Kennedy</i>	563					169		225		169
<i>Miss Wayne III</i>	515								300	225
<i>Miss Hapman Two</i>	354	169		225						
<i>Brookshire</i>	296							169	127	
<i>Slo-Mo-Save IV</i>	275				225					

POINT CHAMPIONSHIP to select year's most consistent boat is awarded by APBA on following scale: first place, 400; second, 300; third, 225; fourth, 169; fifth, 127.

memorable August afternoon, and most of them went home satisfied that Rhodes's *Miss Thriftway* had kept the cup in town. They hadn't reckoned on higher mathematics, though. *Miss Thriftway's* Driver Bill Muncey, who had won two of the three heats and, along with Owner Rhodes, had been reverentially dumped into Lake Washington's chilly waters, were stunned a half hour later when the timers got their tape deciphered and discovered that *Gale V* had the best overall time, 4½ seconds faster than *Miss Thriftway*, and earned a bonus which boosted her to first place. Now it was Schoenith's turn to get dunked. He couldn't have been happier.

Gale V is owned by Lee's father, Joe Schoenith, president and owner of a large electrical supply company in Detroit. Joe Schoenith got interested in his spectacular hobby in 1949 and four years later won the high-point championship with *Gale II*. He has had steady success ever since. Last season *Gale V* came in first too, with *Gale IV* right behind.

Lee Schoenith and Cantrell always compete in the same races, but they have no teamwork tricks. "In fact," says Lee, "we like to race in separate heats. When we're together the only thing we try to do is not to run into each other. And we don't pass each other. Puts too much strain on the boat going over that wake."

Joe Schoenith's success has come through painstaking preparation. He has a crew of three working full time around the year on his *Gales*. Going to a race, Schoenith always packs along two extra Allison plan other key equipment. In tune-up trials for the Gold Cup the *Gales* burned out three engines, tore up one gear box, ruined half a dozen wheels and still were ready for the main event.

Coming after the theatrics of the Gold Cup, almost any development in the racing season would be an anti-climax unless, as indeed it did, it involved the flamboyant Foster and *Troops VII*. *Troops VII* never got in tune in Seattle, but after that it was the orange of the circuit. At Detroit's Silver Cup three weeks later, Foster roared to victory. Last month he won the President's Cup in Washington, this month the International Cup at Elizabeth City, and finally the Governor's Trophy at Madison. For all his heroics, Foster could not overcome *Gale V's* early point lead (see chart). However, there's always next year, which the hydroplaners promise will be the fastest one yet. (ENP)



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THE SMART HEAD WEARS A

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ARMOR THAT DOES AS

FACE GUARD, my experts, is "legalized murder" while protecting wearers. It can smash in an opponent's nose and jaw if he isn't wearing one too.

HELMET, made of hard, unyielding material, makes a good offensive racket, but laboratory tests prove that every conventional type of headgear now being worn fails to protect the wearer's own head.

SHOULDER PADS generally absorb head-on impact but jam into neck under blow from the side. Too, the clavicle is not covered. Pads are held down only by loose underarm straps and thin, tear-away jersey.

HIP AND KIDNEY PADS are faulty on two counts: 1) they fail to fully cover kidneys; 2) stiff fiberboard lacks sufficient underpadding, particularly at the edge, to cushion the shock of crushing body block.

BACK PADS are for as far as they go, but they do not go far enough. The back, spine, diaphragm and spleen are left vulnerable to serious injury.

SHOE PAD is designed to protect "ether gay," but study shows half-inch pad is not thick enough to keep bony joint from being used as a weapon.

THIGH GUARD protects only front of leg and, like knee pads, fits into pants pockets. In action, pads may shift around the leg and even when in place can dig into the muscle under blow, causing charley horse.

SHOE ELEPHS, Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory researchers find, are a major cause of injury. Besides gouging an opponent, they lock player's foot to the ground, and when he tries to pivot or is forcefully hit, the torque wrenches or tears the ankle and knee joints.

DRAWINGS BY JAMES CAGNEY

MUCH HARM AS GOOD

The fully equipped football player is a lethal but vulnerable hattering ram. Now scientists are devising ways to save him and the "other guy"

by WILLIAM H. WHITE

THE 11 POUNDS of complex, specially fashioned armor shown in detail on the opposite page represent the maximum in protection which 70-some years of football playing have developed for the player on the field. Over the years more and more pieces of padding and plating have been added as the game grew rougher, until today the average young man suited up looks and often acts more like St. George armed to battle a dragon than an athlete playing a friendly game.

Normally, the proposition that the more protective equipment a boy wears the less liable he is to injury would inspire immediate agreement. To the scientific eye of safety experts at the Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory at Buffalo, however, today's equipment is an unscientific patchwork of steel-hard fibers and plastic which not only fails to protect the wearer but has converted him into a human battering ram.

Since 1961 a C.A.L. research team, headed by Edward R. Dye and sponsored by Sports Products, Inc., has been taking the first scientific look at the full range of body armament. (This same group also conducted the automobile-crash-injury study which was followed by cars being equipped with

safety belts and dashboard padding.) With Cornell University's trainer Frank (Doc) Kavanagh, the scientists studied movies of games to determine how injuries occur and then—in the lab—leveled bruising blows at every piece of equipment to test its protection power. As a result of their findings (summarized on the opposite page) Dye and Kavanagh have, for the first time, applied recognized principles of mechanics and engineering to the design of protective devices.

The first piece to be redesigned is football's most lethal weapon—the

TURN TO PAGE 48 FOR HICKMAN'S HUNCHES

helmet. During the past 23 years half of the 405 direct gridiron fatalities have resulted from head injuries. So far this season three out of four deaths have been caused by blows to the head. The Cornell tests show that the helmets of today are inadequate to withstand a concussion-causing blow.

From the outside the new Cornell helmet looks like any other, except that the top is slightly arched to give added strength. Inside, however, lies the unique difference (*drawings below*).

Whereas standard helmets rely on either a series of straps or strips of padding to protect the head and keep it in place, the new headgear combines elements of both. Across the top is a "geodesic suspension system"; around the equator is a "beam pad."

Under impact, the network of nylon suspension straps disperses the force of the blow over the entire head, thus reducing the danger at any one point. The pad reinforces the normally weak sides and is so constructed as to hug the skull, further smothering the blow and keeping the helmet squared on the head. And to protect "the other guy," the hard shell is cushioned with a band of energy-absorbing plastic.

Dye and Kavanagh have also developed a cleat (*below left*), to reduce knee and ankle injuries, and more protective knee and thigh guards. Of all the devices designed, however, the shoulder pads would literally change the shape of things. Instead of the stiff, loose-fitting pad which sits atop the shoulders, theirs is a soft, close-fitting pad, much akin to heavy underwear, that covers the chest and back. It's a sloping-shoulder affair which, besides protecting, will give every footballer a Brooks Brothers look. (E.H.W.)



CORNELL CLEAT, a lightweight aluminum ring, eliminates locking action of standard cleats, allows pivoting on feet.



CORNELL HELMET (right) withstands blow and transmits impact over head, whereas headpiece with only padding (center) dents onto head, and helmet with only straps (left) also twists against skull. New helmet proven four times more protective.

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HICKMAN'S HUNCHES for Games of Saturday, Oct. 29

• **Notre Dame vs. Navy:** This one captures the imagination. Not since 1945 have the Middles beaten the Irish. It is hard to go against the irrepressible Welsh and Co. but here goes . . . **NOTRE DAME.**

• **Michigan vs. Iowa:** Hawkeyes have manpower to win but unbeaten Wolverines continue to take the close ones. **MICHIGAN.**

• **Georgia Tech vs. Duke:** Once-beaten Engineers and Blue Devils collide. Better kicking and mobile defense favor home team. **GEORGIA TECH.**

• **Minnesota vs. Southern California:** Gophers rose to season's peak against Michigan Saturday. Trojans, except for Washington lapse, have been invincible. **SOUTHERN CAL.**

• **Arkansas vs. Texas A&M:** Bear Bryant's Aggie Sophs continue to surprise. Where does it end? Not here . . . **TEXAS A&M.**

• **Washington vs. Oregon State:** Only a tie with Stanford mars Huskies record while Beavers' lone conference loss was to UCLA. Huskies still Rose Bowl hungry. **WASHINGTON.**

• **Southern Methodist vs. Texas:** Massive Mustangs now have won three in a row. Longhorns in and out. Out here . . . **SMU.**

• **Holy Cross vs. Syracuse:** Unbeaten Crusaders face strongest challenge. Suicide-scheduled Syracuse succumbed to Maryland after conquering Cadets. An upset here . . . **SYRACUSE.**

• **Pittsburgh vs. Miami:** Both teams have met the best. If Miami's morale has not suffered too much, Andy Gustafson could beat his alma mater. Trend of the times. Another upset . . . **MIAMI.**

• **UCLA vs. California:** The Bears from Berkeley can offer only token resistance. The call of the Rose Bowl can be heard clearly. Easily . . . **UCLA.**

ALSO:

Army over Colgate
Maryland over South Carolina
Yale over Dartmouth
Penn State over Pennsylvania
TCU over Baylor
Kentucky over Rice
Mississippi over LSU
Purdue over Illinois
Oklahoma over Kansas State
Ohio State over Northwestern
Tennessee over North Carolina
Princeton over Brown
Auburn over Tulane
Vanderbilt over Virginia
Michigan State over Wisconsin

Last week's records:
15 right, 5 wrong, 1 tie
Record to date: 128-37-5

GOLF

by

HERBERT WARREN WIND

THE MEADOW BROOK CLUB'S
NEW COURSE IN JERICHO, L.I.
HAS ALL THE HALLMARKS OF
A 'BORN CLASSIC' OF GOLF

OF THE MANY new golf courses which have just gone through their first complete season of play, there are two exceptional ones we should be hearing a great deal about in the years to come: Old Warson, situated on the outskirts of St. Louis, and the new 18 undertaken in Jericho, L.I. by the Meadow Brook Club to replace their old stamping grounds which New York City Park Commissioner Robert Moses requisitioned for one of his endless parkway extensions. I have not yet had the opportunity to visit Old Warson but from all reports it is the best course designed by that peripatetic rearranger of the earth's surface, Robert Trent Jones, since he did Peachtree in Atlanta shortly after the war. The new Meadow Brook, designed by Dick Wilson, lies within a more neighborly distance, and I have had a chance to look it over three times. To my tastes, it is the finest golf course that has been built in this country since Bob Jones and Dr. Alister Mackenzie produced the Augusta National back in 1901. While the course is still much too young for the turf to have taken on body and for the whole 18 to have taken on a final aspect, Meadow Brook has struck me from my first visit on as a "born classic" destined to be mentioned in the more exalted breath with Muirfield,

Haystack, Pinehurst No. 2, Pine Valley and the other acknowledged touchstones of architectural greatness.

TOUR IN THE RAIN

The first trip I made to Meadow Brook was on a chill, rainy, windy, thoroughly medieval Sunday last December. My companion and guide was George Heron. George is a Scot whose hair should have been white a long time ago but is still the color of marmalade, and he is altogether a walking advertisement of how the outdoor life keeps a man young and toilsome. The son of an Aberdeen professional who laid out the famous course at Creden Bay, George was imported from the Stoke Poges club in 1922 to become the professional at the old Meadow Brook. He was the selection of Capt. H.C.C. Tibbitts, then the club's manager, an Englishman who met up in the trenches of France during World War I with that old Meadow Brooker, the late Devereux Milburn, and soon after the war accepted Milburn's invitation to come over and run the club. (In the event you haven't made the connection before this, this is the same Meadow Brook, to be sure, which the exploits of Milburn, Tommy Hitchcock and others made the capital of American polo.) Anyway, old George

Heron has been at Meadow Brook for 33 seasons now, the first 32 as pro, this last one as superintendent of the new course, with Shelley Mayfield succeeding to his old job.

The new course is the apple of George's eye. As we pushed over it that unlikely December afternoon with our teeth chattering Morse code, George would poke me in the ribs from time to time, point proudly ahead to a stretch of tundra and yell above the wail of the wind some remark on the order of "Di' ya ever see a bonnier two-shotter?" Well, he wasn't far off, and that is the reason why I recount our little un-constitutional. From the second tee on—there is nothing at all wrong with the first hole but my umbrella hadn't yet blown inside out and I wasn't quite in the spirit of things—Meadow Brook, despite the weather, still made itself felt, hole after hole, as a course of exceptional golf beauty and character. When we had finished the round, I found that I could visualize each of the 18 holes as distinct personalities. This has always seemed to me a dependable criterion for judging the quality of a course—the number of individual holes you can remember—and I would like to recommend another yardstick of a different type. If the greens, the bunkering and the fairway contours appear to have been built by nature and not by bulldozers, the designer has created a successful course. When we walked Meadow Brook only three months after the fairways had been seeded, it looked as if it had been in business for 50 years.

The second time I saw the course, a fine day last July, I made the mistake

continued on page 59



A COUPLE OF BEAUTIES

The 17th, at the left, is a dogleg par four 427 yards long. The 18th, below, a par five measuring 628 yards, is a double dogleg that has never been reached in two. It usually requires two woods and a six-iron.



AT MIT. BHOOD Marjorie Mills and Bob Conklin wear White Stag's new ski pants of wool gabardine (\$23).



Bright Pants

Like sunlight breaking through a prism, ski pants are splashing color all over white slopes from Austria to Oregon. They were introduced by Kaltenbrunner of Davos, who found his skin-tight, custom-tailored black or blue pants were made so well they hardly ever wore out. Now, however, Herr Kaltenbrunner's clientele buys as many as five or six pairs—in persimmon, lavender, powder blue, mustardism. They were first seen in America last spring on such international skiers as Photographer Toni Frissell. The old dictum that ski pants must be black or navy no longer holds. White Stag, the country's largest manufacturer of ski wear, is now making the new, bright pants available to all of America's weekend skiers in seven different colors (including red for women only).

AT STOWE, spring skier Patty Gagliardi was one of first to introduce colored ski pants; here wears gold pair from Kaltenbrunner while adjusting toxin-tipped skis.



AT ST. ANTON, Austrian ski resort, pretty Astrid Alhard of Innsbruck wears red elastic ski pants, red scarf wrapped into a hood and raccoons khaki-colored poplin parka trimmed with fur.



CORTINA D'AMPEZZO, scene of 1956 Winter Olympics, is brilliant showplace of Italian ski fashions. Signorino Ugo Bol and Signor Alberto Menari, both of Cortina, show colorful clothes in typically



also of knits: the man's shirt-dress, red pullover over tan sweater and a vest, tapered red capri pants, red over-the-knee and over-the-calfman's pants. Backless and long-sleeved instead of mittens.



ZERHATT is settling for pastel clothes worn by Mrs. Walter Hensch, herself a designer of after-dinner clothes. Scent repeats pastel pink and blue of baby sweater and halibut pants.

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For utmost protection, equip your car with nylon cord tires. See your tire dealer today!*



SUBJECT: FRANK LEAHY

continued from page 32

made all around, with no prompting needed from Frank Leahy himself.

The screen door opened and Jim Reilly led his three friends, all in their middle years, into the entrance hall. He introduced them as Ned Murphy, Leo Sempier and Jim Conway, all of Spaulding, Nebraska. In the hall right after the introductions Sue Leahy stepped forward: "Excuse me, gentlemen," she said, bowing to them, then turning to her father. "Dad, would it be all right if I took the Oldsmobile?"

"Why," said Frank Leahy, reflecting just an instant, "why, yes, Sue. I'll drive to church in the station wagon."

"Thank you, Dad," said Sue, bowing to the guests, "and I'm very glad to have met you all."

One by one the other young Leahys took their leave, with expressions of pleasure at having met everyone in the room.

"Say, Frank," blurted Jim Reilly, "you've got to get to church. We'll just run along and go—"

"COME IN AND SIT DOWN"

Frank Leahy shook his head. "You'll do nothing of the kind. Just come on in and sit down. I've got plenty of time." He herded them into the living room and they took their places around the fireplace.

Responsibility plainly weighed heavily on Jim Reilly. His friends, in contrast, looked at ease and prepared to make the most of the audience.

"Coach, I see where you're on television," said Jim Conway as Jim Reilly twisted his hat in his hands.

"Yes," said Frank Leahy. "I am appearing on television every Friday evening under the sponsorship of Zerene and Zerex. Those are antifreeze compounds made by Du Pont."

"I guess," said Ned Murphy, "you don't find that as tough as coaching?"

Leahy smiled and shook his head. "No, I can safely say that the pressures are considerably greater in the coaching profession."

"Say," exclaimed Ned Murphy, "I can remember seeing you on television when you were coaching, with that hat of yours on sideways and looking pretty wild!"

Jim Reilly paled, but Frank Leahy laughed indulgently.

"Oh, yes," he said. "I suppose I used to get pretty wound up."

"The pressure must have been terrific, Frank," said Jim Reilly.

"The pressure was terrific, as you say, Jim," Leahy said, "but in my case the pressure was largely self-imposed."

The guests leaned forward.

"Is that a fact, Frank?" Jim Reilly asked.

"That is a fact, Jim," said Leahy. "There was no undue emphasis on winning every game by the authorities at Notre Dame. But the Notre Dame coach is conscious of other demands. Notre Dame is not an ordinary team; it has a great tradition to live up to. There are the thousands of alumni all over the country. A coach is conscious of them as he sends his team out on the field. Then the coach is conscious of what I call the synthetic alumni, the millions who never attended Notre Dame but have adopted the team as their own. The coach thinks of them too. He hears the cheers of the thousands present in the stadium, and it all builds up in him until he gets the feeling that it is absolutely unthinkable that the Notre Dame team should go down in defeat."

The guests shook their heads in awe.

"I'll bet you're relieved to be out of it, Frank," exclaimed Jim Reilly.

"I have no regrets about my departure from the coaching profession, Jim," said Frank Leahy. "It is a job

for a younger man. And Terry Brennan is doing a magnificent job."

"And now you get a chance to spend more time with your family," said Jim Conway.

"Not as much as I will a little later on," said Leahy. "But that was a big factor in my decision to retire from the coaching profession." He was silent a moment. Then he said slowly: "I can remember coming here to this house and the children would come in and speak to me and I would look at them without seeing them or without hearing what they said. I was that preoccupied with my approaching assignment."

Jim Reilly turned and glared at his friends with a what-have-I-been-telling-you look.

Leahy smiled.

"Sometimes during a game the thought would flash through my mind: 'What am I doing down here? I have done all I can to prepare the kids for this game. Why can't I sit up in the stands with Floes and the children and enjoy the contest?'"

No one could say a word for a moment after this staggering confidence. Finally Jim Reilly pulled himself out of the sofa and rose to his feet.

"Frank," he said firmly, "we're going to run on. You've got to get to church and all and we've taken up enough of your time."

continued on next page



A DREAM COMES TRUE AS FRANK LEAHY WATCHES NOTRE DAME FROM THE STANDS WITH FLOES

SUBJECT: FRANK LEAHY

continued from page 55

The others got up reluctantly.

"Now, wait a minute," Leahy said. "There's plenty of time. How about a little refreshment of some kind?" He pointed at one of the guests. "I'll bet I can persuade you, Mr. Murphy." Murphy, a short, gray-haired man wearing glasses, laughed. "Coach, let me tell you something," he chuckled. "These three fellows I'm traveling with are regular prohibitionists!"

"All right," laughed Leahy, "something for you then!"

"Hold on, coach," Mr. Murphy said, still laughing. "There was a time when I could do my share, but I had a heart attack and haven't had a drink since!"

Leahy shook his head in sympathy. "That was 16 years ago!" exclaimed Ned Murphy, clapping his leg.

Everyone laughed and Jim Reilly stepped forward. "Here's the payoff, Frank! Murphy owes a liquor stare!"

After the laughter had subsided, Jim Reilly put out his hand. "Frank, it's been just wonderful seeing you."

"What are you running off for?" Leahy protested. "Why don't you stay and have a bite of lunch?"

"No, no," Reilly and his friends chorused. "We're due in Chicago this afternoon."

"Well, I wish you had more time, gentlemen," Leahy said. "Would you have a few moments to come back and see the den? There are some trophies there that might be of interest to you."

The guests looked at Reilly and he nodded. Then Leahy led the way to his office and den just off the entrance hall. It is a comfortably large, air-conditioned room with desks for Leahy and his secretary, Harry Foster, who was on his staff at Notre Dame.

Leahy pointed to two shelves holding a dozen trophies. "These were won in swimming competition by the children," he said. Waving an arm around the room, he explained: "The other things are mementos of the years I

spent in the Navy and in the coaching profession."

Before he could continue, Flannie Leahy, his 14-year-old daughter, walked into the room.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," she said. "Dad, Mr. McBride is here with Mr. and Mrs. Leggett from St. Louis."

"Oh," said Leahy, turning to Reilly and his friends. "Will you gentlemen excuse me?"

"Certainly, go right ahead," said Jim Reilly.

"I'll be right back," said Leahy.

After he had gone, Reilly led his friends around the room.

CITATIONS AND SOUVENIRS

On the wall were the Scripps-Howard Coach of the Year award, the Man of the Year citation of the Football Writers Association, the Paul H. Helms award for "noteworthy coaching achievement." There was a photograph of Admiral Chester W. Nimitz as he put his signature to the Japanese surrender, and at the bottom Nimitz had written: "To Frank Leahy, a worthy horseshoe opponent and an old friend and shipmate. . . ."

There was a resolution from the state legislature of Massachusetts adopted when Leahy left Boston College to coach at Notre Dame. It commended him for "service to the youth of America . . . and . . . the ideals for which he stood and practiced."

There was a photograph of Leahy golfing with President Eisenhower and a framed "Dear Frank" letter from the President. There were pictures of Leahy's national championship teams of 1943, '46, '47 and '49. The books on the shelves included many on religious and inspirational themes, as well as biographies. Among them were *Hitlers* by Whitaker Chambers, *You Can Change the World* by Father James Keller, the collected works of Stephen Vincent Benet, a life of Gladstone,

The Calver Mating by Herman Wouk, *Blessed Are the Meek* by Zofia Koszma, *Gertrude Lawrence as Mrs. A.* by Richard Aldrich and *Chowpauze Before Breakfast* by Hy Gardner. Over Leahy's desk was framed "A Game Guy's Prayer," written (not by him) in sporting terms and begging help in dealing with life's uppers.

Ned Murphy broke the silence. "Say, Jim," he said, "do you think Frank would mind autographing our ticket stubs?"

The others reached into their pockets and drew out stubs.

Jim Reilly looked at the stubs and breathed through his teeth. "He won't mind," he said slowly, "unless he's changed one heck of a lot since we were at Notre Dame together!"

Just then Leahy himself reappeared with Bob McBride, a former Notre Dame star and line coach there under Leahy. With McBride were his friends from St. Louis. Before the introductions could get under way, a quorum of Leahy children were on the scene and joined the handshaking, looking each guest in the eye, grifting each name exactly right.

There was a brief discussion of the 1965 Notre Dame team and Jerry Leahy said, "Boy, that Lewis and that Hornung."

His father nodded in approval. "Lewis," he said, "will be one of the all-time greats and I think Hornung will be the greatest quarterback Notre Dame ever had."

"Ever had?" exclaimed Murphy.

"Ever had," said Leahy. "He can do everything—run, throw, kick, and he's a great defensive player too. If you'll watch him, people frequently forget to watch the defensive line."

Mary Leahy, the 4-year-old, came in, dressed for church. Her father immediately took her in his arms and had her repeat "I'm very glad to meet you" to one guest after another around the room. Jim Reilly brought up the subject of the autographs and Leahy was delighted to oblige. Suddenly it was



time for everyone to go and as they fled out, Jim Reilly whispered, "You've certainly been wonderful, Frank, and I appreciate it. I tried to get you on the phone a couple of years ago, but of course you were pretty tied up at that time."

"Call me any time, Jim," said Leahy. "You can always reach me through my secretary."

The big house was quiet until Frank Leahy's return from the 11:30 Mass was heralded by his own voice ringing out at the front door.

"Floss!" he called to Mrs. Leahy. "Mary was a little angel in church!"

Hesitant Mary off to report the details to her mother in another part of the house and then he walked into the den, sank into a red leather chair and put his feet up on the ottoman.

The talk turned to big-time college football and the critics who suggest that the game should be abolished in the colleges and left entirely to the professionals.

"I wonder," said Leahy, frowning, "if people who talk like that really mean what they say or whether they are just trying to attract attention to themselves."

He drew up a knee and kicked at the ottoman. "I think it would be a very bad thing for the country if we didn't have the big college games on Saturdays, with the stadiums filled from coast to coast. These games provide people with an opportunity to release their pent-up emotions and to come together in a wholesome atmosphere of good fellowship. I never get over the thrill of it. Yesterday, when the band played and the Notre Dame team came running out on the field, a chill ran up my spine."

He clasped his hands in front of him and raised his voice as if addressing a crowd.

"But the greatest moment comes," he said, "when the players and spectators stand at attention and the band plays our national anthem as Old Glory is unfurled."

He paused and then lowered his voice again.

"Football and all competitive sports have a very good effect on our young people, even those who do not actively participate. They become permeated with the ideas of self-reliance and giving the best that is in them no matter what the odds against them may be. They carry these ideas into their daily lives. We saw it in the war when young Americans proved more than a match for the highly trained but regimented foe. We see the effect of the best sporting spirit when a Babe Didrikson becomes a victim of cancer and meets it by fighting back with all the determination and courage she displayed as an athlete."

A FAVOR FOR FRANK JR.

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Frank Leahy.

Frank Leahy Jr. entered the room and apologized for the interruption.

"Dad," he said, "I'm starting back to school now."

"All right, son," said Leahy. "Are they driving you in the station wagon?"

"Yes, sir," said Frank Jr.

"Get everything you need!" his father said.

"Well," said Frank Jr., "I wonder if you could spare some golf balls."

"Are you going to play or just practice?"

"I thought I'd play a round next week."

"All right," said Leahy, "take what's in my bag."

"Thanks, Dad," said Frank Jr., shaking hands. "I'll see you next Saturday."

"Good, son," said Leahy.

"I'm very glad to have met you, sir," said Frank Jr. before turning to go.

Frank Leahy watched him proselytize as he left. "He comes home every chance he gets," he said. "He misses his brothers and sisters."

Stretching his legs out on the ottoman Leahy mused, half to himself: "He came to me at the start of this term and said, 'Dad, I'd like to have a

pretty serious talk with you,' I said, 'All right, son, let's go into the den and talk things over.'"

Leahy leaned back in the chair and rubbed his hands together.

"After we were settled down I said, 'Well, son, what's on your mind?' Then he said, 'Dad, here it is. I'm eligible for the varsity this year, but the truth is I just don't believe I can ever be the kind of player your son would be expected to be. There it is, Dad.'"

"It was a serious matter with the boy. He felt that he had an obligation to make the varsity. So I said to him, 'Son, I'm glad you brought this whole matter out into the open. I've been wanting to have a serious talk with you. The fact is, son, you're not heavy enough, you're not fast enough to make a Notre Dame quarterback.' But then I told him, 'You shouldn't feel bad about that. I wouldn't have been the greatest player in the world even if I hadn't been injured. And, anyway, the fact that I could make the team and was subsequently its coach doesn't impose any obligation on you. You don't have to play football at all. Sometimes some of us are given physical endowments, some of us are given other talents. A great athlete won't necessarily have a son as good as he is. Rocky Marciano's father is a very small man. But now, the fact that you're not able to make the Notre Dame team doesn't mean that you can't be All-America in other ways—you can be an All-America student, an All-America son, an All-America big brother to your little brothers and sisters—as you are now.'"

(Even if Frank Leahy Jr. had decided to try out for the team this year, he could not have made it. Continuing minor surgery has prevented him from playing anything more strenuous than golf for the present.)

The elder Leahy got to thinking about quarterbacks in general. He repeated what he had said earlier: that Paul Hornung was likely to be the greatest ever at Notre Dame. Then he

continued an next page



SUBJECT: FRANK LEAHY

continued from page 57

went on: "A quarterback should be a self-reliant thinker. At Notre Dame we concentrated on the mental training of a quarterback. Generally speaking, of course, a quarterback must try to get ahead of the opposition, much the same as a pitcher tries to get ahead of the batter by getting the first ball over for a strike. A quarterback will try for at least four yards on first down by running his best back over his best blocker and, if possible, through a defensive weakness. Then, if he gets his four yards, he has two or three downs to get his remaining six yards—depending on his position in the field.

"But a quarterback has to be many things. I remember a story Knute Rockne used to tell about the two men he called quarterbacks A and B. Quarterback A, according to Rockne, was a positive genius. He never failed to call precisely the right play at the right time. He would send the team marching steadily down the field to within a few yards of the goal. But then something would happen. He could not send his team over the goal line. He would lose possession of the ball and the opponents would kick out of danger. Then quarterback B might be sent into the game. He was anything but a genius. He did not have the same instinct for calling the right play. But, somehow or other, he might manage to get the team within scoring distance. Then he would call upon the lads for the great effort. This time the lads would put the ball across. Why? Because, according to Rockne, they wanted to make quarterback B look good, they wanted to score for him. Rockne said that quarterback B had the quality of leadership."

A TREAT FOR JERRY

There was a tap at the door. "Come in," said Frank Leahy, raising up in the leather chair.

Jerry Leahy, 13, Jimmy, the 7-year-old, and a friend named Mike trooped into the room.

"Excuse the interruption," said Jerry. He turned to his father. "Dad, a slight problem."

Leahy grinned. "Financial?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said Jerry. "We'd like to go to the movies."

"How much are the movies?" said Leahy.

"If it's a good picture, it's 40¢."

"Assuming it's a good picture, you'd need \$1.20."

"I've got my own money," said Mike.

"Yes, sir," said Jerry. "And I'd like to treat Mike."

"I've got my own money," Mike repeated. "I can treat you."

Frank Leahy took out his wallet and looked in it. "I don't have anything less than a 10," he said.

Jerry shrugged his shoulders. Leahy handed him the bill. "See if your mother has change."

"Yes, sir," said Jerry, turning to go and directing the other boys ahead of him. At the door Jerry turned and said: "Excuse the interruption." He closed the door behind him.

Frank Leahy leaned back in his chair.

"One time I was at a dinner with Harry Stuhldreher [one of Notre Dame's famous Four Horsemen] and he was speaking of Rockne. In the course of his talk Harry said, 'I think more of Rock rubbed off on Frank than on me.'"

Leahy was smiling at the memory. "One thing I do know," Stuhldreher said, 'Leahy has made the rules changers work harder than Rockne ever did.'"

With obvious pride, Leahy sat up straight and counted off on his fingers: "Harry mentioned the deliberate kicking out of bounds on the kickoff, the two-quarterbacks play, the so-called sucker shift and the feigning of injuries that caused so much discussion in the Iowa game of 1953—although Iowa had done it the week before and other teams were doing it all the time."

(The two-quarterbacks play actually

had two men stand directly behind the center in quarterback position. The sucker shift called for a sudden movement to trick the opposing team into an offside, which meant a five-yard penalty in Notre Dame's favor.)

"A Notre Dame coach," Leahy continued, "has to be changing all the time, keeping a jump ahead of his opposition. And every team is out to get Notre Dame. If I had been coaching another team, I would be out to get Notre Dame too. But the suggestion that any of our innovations was unethical was absurd. Why, if I thought I was deliberately doing something unethical, I couldn't live with myself. As for the feigning of injuries, I remarked facetiously at the time that what really happened was that the Notre Dame boy happened to look up at the clock, saw that only a few seconds remained in the first half and that Notre Dame was losing. This was such an incredible state of affairs, I said, that the lad fainted."

There was a knock at the door. "Come in," said Leahy.

Jerry and Jimmy Leahy and their friend Mike walked into the room. Jerry held out a handful of bills. "I got the change," he said.

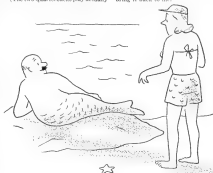
"How much did you say you needed, son?" said Leahy.

"Well," said Jerry, "it's 40¢ for the movie and I'd like to treat Mike."

"I've got my own money," protested Mike.

"All right," said Leahy. "Suppose you take three dollars."

"That would be fine," said Jerry. "And if there's any change, you bring it back to me."



"Oh, yes, sir," said Jerry, taking the money. He turned to the visitor, "Excuse the interruption. I'm very glad to have met you, sir."

"I'm very glad to have met you, sir," said Jimmy.

Mike waved shortly and followed them out of the room.

Lenhy stood up and put on a pair of dark glasses and proposed a walk around the grounds.

"I'll soon be able to spend more time here," he said, standing for a moment on the porch before the two stories of glass brick that frame the entrance to his home. "My boss, Lewis Wolfson, has agreed that I can work here in my office three weeks out of four."

He went down the steps and strolled across the lawn.

"Right now I'm making a sort of get-acquainted tour of our companies. I find it fascinating. I'm not so much interested in the products that are being manufactured by our companies. I am interested in the people. As I watch them at work, I get the feeling that if I could just get over to them the idea of giving their best, a little bit more than is required of them, I think I could show them that they would go home at night feeling more at peace with themselves."

He kicked at some crab grass and growled: "Alumni grass." He laughed quietly and added: "Nothing wrong with alumni."

He circled the house and stopped by a crab apple tree and pointed over a rise in the ground.

"There's a swimming pool over there, but we converted it into a sand pile for Christopher and Mary. We didn't see any need for a pool with Lake Michigan in our front yard."

AGAINST DELINQUENCY

He stood staring at the crab apple tree. The ripened fruit covered the ground under the tree. He frowned.

"Getting back to my job," he said after a moment, "eventually, within two or three years, I'm going to devote all my time to working against juvenile delinquency. It's something Lou Wolfson wants me to do. We're working on our plans right now. First of all, we want to work for stricter laws against the sale of narcotics. And for heavier penalties. I believe that a man who sells dope to a youngster is committing a crime worse than murder. Then we're going to try to reach parents through radio and television. Remind parents of their responsibilities.

continued on next page

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SUBJECT: FRANK LEAHY

continued from page 39

We want to work for more teachers and better pay for teachers."

He studied the crab apple tree.

"A study of juvenile crimes," he mused, raising his voice a little, "will reveal that most offenders never had a chance to participate in competitive sports. We're going to do something about that. We're going to try to create more space for playing fields in the big cities. And in every state we will endeavor to recruit three or four outstanding athletes and make it worth their while to devote three or four years to this work. We'll be prepared to pay a football player, for instance, as much as he would earn by turning professional. Lou Wilson is going to be very active in this thing. He's a fanatic on the subject. He's got four children of his own. He's a wonderful father. A fine citizen. Clean."

"A WASTE, A SIN"

He started to walk away and suddenly whirled on the crab apple tree. He pointed an accusing finger at it.

"Somebody should have picked these apples!" he barked. "That fruit should not be left lying there on the ground. It's waste. It's a sin!"

Thrusting his hands in his pockets, he started around the house again, kicking at leaves, searching at the patches of crab grass. He moved lightly, branching his broad shoulders and then raising his head to sniff the breeze off the lake.

On the front lawn little Mary Leahy, the 6-year-old, was waiting for him. He knelt down beside her to hear a whispered confidence.

He stood up and put his hands on his hips and looked down at her.

"All right," he said severely, "but first tell me who you are."

Mary Leahy brushed back her blonde hair and looked him right in the eye.

"Daddy's little angel," she piped.

Frank Leahy swept her up in his arms.

"Excuse me," he said in an aside. "There's a small crisis at the sand pile."

He set her down again and Mary Leahy took his hand and led him away — Frank Leahy, yesterday's terror of the gridiron whose eight disciplined children had, in one way or another, this bright Sunday morning, courteously relieved him of a Notre Dame pennant, all his golf balls, both his automobiles and \$3 in cash. (K.M.R.)



RICE'S SPORTS PROSE WAS A LABOR OF LOVE

YESTERDAY

THE FOUR HORSEMEN

A year ago Grantland Rice, perhaps the most beloved of all sports writers, died. On the anniversary of his birthday, November 1, 1890, SI honors his memory by reprinting herewith excerpts from one of his most famous pieces of reporting, which he wrote in October, 1924

by **GRANTLAND RICE**

OUTLINED against a blue-gray October sky, the Four Horsemen rode again. In dramatic lore they are known as Famine, Pestilence, Destruction and Death. These are only aliases. Their real names are Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley and Layden. They formed the crest of the South Bend cyclone before which another fighting Army football team was swept over the precipice at the Polo Grounds yesterday afternoon as 55,000 spectators peered down on the bewildering panorama spread on the green plain below.

A cyclone can't be snared. It may be surrounded, but somewhere it breaks through to keep on going. When the cyclone starts from South Bend, where the candlelights still gleam through the Indiana sycamores, those in the way must take to storm cellars at top speed. Yesterday the cyclone struck again as Notre Dame beat the Army, 13 to 7, with a set of backfield stars that ripped and crashed through a strong Army defense with more speed and power than the warring cadets could meet.

Notre Dame won its sixth game in twelve Army starts through the driving power of one of the greatest backfields that ever churned up the turf of any gridiron in any football age. Brilliant backfields may come and go, but in Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley and Layden, covered by a fast and charging line, Notre Dame can take its place in front of the field.

Couch McEwan sent one of his finest teams into action, an aggressive organization that fought to the last play around the first rim of darkness, but when Rockne rushed his Four Horsemen to the track they rode down everything in sight. It was in vain that

1,400 gray-clad cadets pleaded for the Army line to hold. The Army line was giving all it had, but when a task force in with the speed of a motorcycle, what chance has flesh and blood to hold? The Army had its share of stars in action, such stars as Garbisch, Farwick, Wilson, Wood, Ellinger and many others, but they were up against four whirlwind backs who picked up at top speed from the first step as they swept through scant openings to slip on by the secondary defense. The Army had great backs in Wilson and Wood, but the Army had no such quarter-

back who seemed to carry the mixed blood of the tiger and the antelope.

Rockne's light and tottering line was just about as tottering as the Rock of Gibraltar. It was something more than a match for the Army's great set of forwards. . . . We doubt that any team in the country could have beaten Rockne's array. . . . It was a great football team brilliantly directed. . . . The Army has no cause for gloom over its showing. It played first-class football against more speed than it could match.

Those who have tackled a cyclone can understand. (R.R.R.)



NOTRE DAME backfield was tagged "the Four Horsemen" by Rice, a famous name-dar. Left to right: Baris Don Miller, Harry Stuhldreher, Jim Crowley, Elmer Layden.



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The Weekend Shopper

in next week's

Sports Illustrated

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

C—clear water; **SH**—shifty high; **FG**—foggy good; **FF**—fishing fair; **FP**—fishing poor; **OG**—outlook good; **OF**—outlook fair; **OVG**—outlook very good.

STRIPED BASS: NEW YORK: Night fishermen taking bass in Montauk surf but real action hasn't started; OH: when water runs, but peak fishing may be short-lived when big migrations start.

NEW JERSEY: FF and OF in surf from Raritan Light to Beach Haven Inlet, where 1,200 fish-ermen are out to catch stripers and a 20-foot cruiser (priced at \$10,000) is being sold; FF/G at Shark River Inlet from ends of shore jetties to (and under) first highway bridge, from dusk to dark, with yellow double-bait frozen fish, FF/G at Stratford Beach and Little Branch surf for surfed fish to 10 pounds, with surf-cum-bait best; A few big bass located by Poleson before Sandy Hook last week and outlook is for improvement.

ARIZONA: FG at Arizona Slough in Chino Bay for stripers to 15 pounds on jerked or ball-baited bait, and OG.

SOUTH CAROLINA: OG through November in Rantow Cooper area as striped bass pike before division canal; WY: and-skyline jigs bounced along Indian best larvae.

VIRGINIA: Raritan, surfers shopping 5 pounds up to 10, new shad in Crutcher, Rantow and Albemarle sounds, near Napa Head and Martin, and taking baitfish slowly; OG through November for surfers.

PACIFIC SALMON: NORTH CAROLINA: Run Flats) of Seattle implemented turtle business long enough to set spin-tackle records at River's Inlet with 24-ounce Chinook on 4-pound line, 10-pound 6-ounce on 6-pound line and 10-pounder on 6-pound line. Fine dry weather and low rivers have kept surfers in salt water and FG from Cawich River and Cape Mudge to Howe Sound and Rantow Inlet.

CALIFORNIA: Trollers still fishing 15 to 12 miles off Golden Gate and OVG until November storms.

WASHINGTON: FG, OG for surfers to 10 pounds on rubber fish from Hood Canal waters; cloudy day with slight chop on water is best. Surfers are hitting well at almost all seasons months in Puget Sound; try faster-and-better or big surfers as well as best.

BLACK STRIPS: PENNSYLVANIA: Eastern and central streams still too high but Allegheny now up near FF and OG in cold near Franklin and OH City, with minnows or deep-running plugs.

PERMITS: 65-acre Lake Bedford in Bedford County, near Maryland, continues to produce better largemouths to 14½ pounds; lake is operated by State Fish-and-game commission, who say phosphorus and promote fast growth. Delmar Nichols of Old Hickory reported 2-pound smallmouth from Kentucky Lake (near Pickwick Dam), but Maryland Raritan at New York City issued it with 7¼-pounder from Dale Hollow; FG and OG.

MINNAPOTA: Lake Clearwater C, SH, FF, OF/G when cooler (as it may be by press time). Lake Wapato, FF, OG.

LOUISIANA: Go to Lake & Lake 2 miles W of Lakeville in the late afternoon as you'll be in the best and fishing just after dusk. Use a weed any bass or bag on 6-foot, reel toward shore. Head back for dusk, tired but happy, when you've caught all the 3- to 6-pound bass your series run needs.

CHAMPAIGN: BASS: ILLINOIS: Cleveland Pick-off Early 1974 took 12 14-pound nodules on trout in Gulf off Vreder, but most action was at Venice Inlet jetty, where run of 5- to 12-pounders provided FF on bait and freshwater jigs; OG/G. A few rods reported in surf at New Smyrna on east coast; OG.

COMING EVENTS

● TV ● NETWORK RADIO: ALL TIMES ARE E.S.T. EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

OCTOBER 28 through NOVEMBER 6

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 28

Boxing

- Tenney (Maricopa) Jackson vs. Jimmy Stacks, Newburgh, N.Y. (12 rds.)
- Lyle Poirer vs. Johnny Castaneda, lightweight, Mt. St. Sc. Garden, N.Y. (12 rds.), 10 p.m. E.S.T. (NBC)

Fishing

- Kings Head Tournament, Kings Head, N.E. (until Oct. 30)

Rodeo

- Grand Hall Rodeo & Horse Show, San Francisco (until Nov. 5)

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29

Football

(Leading college games)

- EAST**
Army vs. Colgate, West Point, N.Y.
- Cornell vs. Columbia, Ithaca, N.Y.
- Birby Cross vs. Syracuse, Worcester, Mass.
- Yankee vs. South Carolina, College Park, Md.
- Penn vs. Penn State, Philadelphia
- Pitt vs. Miami (Fla.), Pittsburgh
- Sale vs. Dartmouth, New Haven, Conn.

- SOUTH & SOUTHWEST**
Arkansas vs. Texas A&M, Fayetteville, Ark.
- Baylor vs. TCU, Waco, Texas
- Georgia Tech vs. Duke, Atlanta, Ga.
- Kentucky vs. Rice, Lexington, Ky.
- LSU vs. Mississippi, Baton Rouge, La. (9)
- SMU vs. Texas, Dallas, Texas

- WEST**
Blinn vs. Purdue, Champaign, Ill.
- Kansas St. vs. Oklahoma, Manhattan, Kan.
- Marquette vs. N. Virginia, Milwaukee

- Michigan vs. Iowa, Ann Arbor, Mich., 1:15 p.m. E.S.T. (NBC color). Men to watch: Michigan's Terry Barr (41) & Iowa's Eddie Vincent (40).
- Minnesota vs. S. California, Minneapolis, 1:05 p.m. E.S.T. (ABC)

- Notre Dame vs. Navy, South Bend, Ind.
- Ohio State vs. Northwestern, Columbus, Ohio, 1:15 p.m. (Mutual*)
- Xavier vs. Boston College, Cincinnati

- FAR WEST**
Colorado vs. Missouri, Boulder, Colo.
- UCLA vs. California, Los Angeles
- Washington vs. Oregon State, Seattle

(Professionals)

- Baltimore vs. Green Bay, Baltimore, 7:30 p.m. (Mutual*)

Horse Racing

- The Garden State, \$200,000, 1 1/16 m., 2-yr.-olds, Garden State Pk., Camden, N.J., 4:30 p.m. E.S.T. (CBS)
- Florida Stakes, \$50,000, 1 1/16 m., 2-yr.-old fillies, Jamaica, N.Y., 4:15 p.m. E.S.T. (ABC)
- William P. Kyle Handicap, \$100,000, 1 1/8 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Bay Meadows, San Mateo, Calif.
- Turf Cup Handicap, \$20,000, 1 1/8 m. (flat), 3-yr.-olds up, Laurel, Md.

Hockey

- Montreal vs. Detroit, Montreal
- Toronto vs. Chicago, Toronto
- New York vs. Boston, New York

Hunt Racing

- Virginia Fall Race Meeting, Middleburg, Va.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 30

Auto Racing

- NASCAR 100-m. race, Charlotte, N.C.

Football

- Chicago Geds vs. Cleveland, Chicago, 1 p.m. C.S.T. (ABC*)
- San Francisco vs. Detroit, San Francisco, 2 p.m. P.S.T.*

- Los Angeles vs. Chicago Bears, Los Angeles, 2:05 p.m. P.S.T.*
- Philadelphia vs. Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, 2:05 p.m. E.O.T.*
- New York vs. Washington, New York, 2:05 p.m. E.O.T.*

Horse Racing

- American Trotting Classic (first heat), \$75,000, 1 m., for major state winners, Hollywood Pk., Inglewood, Calif.

Hockey

- Detroit vs. Montreal, Detroit

MONDAY, OCTOBER 31

Boxing

- Edward Charles vs. Tawie Hall, heavyweights, Providence, R.I. (10 rds.)
- Paco Melis vs. Danny Cervantes, welterweights, St. Paul's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. E.O.T. (Bo West)

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1

Horse Show

- National Horse Show, New York (until Nov. 8)

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3

Boxing

- Frankie Byll vs. Paddy DeMarco, lightweights, Baltimore Coliseum (10 rds.), (ABC) TV-10 p.m.; radio-10:15 p.m.)

Hockey

- Toronto vs. Detroit, Detroit

Horse Racing

- Sport Page Handicap, \$25,000, 6 f., all ages, Jamaica, N.Y.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4

Hockey

- Detroit vs. Toronto, Montreal
- Detroit vs. New York, Detroit
- Boston vs. Chicago, Boston

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5

Auto Racing

- SCCA Appalachian National Rally, Hestley, Pa. (until Nov. 8)

Boxing

- Sugar Ray Robinson vs. Carl (Gabo) Olson, for middleweight title, Chicago Stadium (15 rds.), 9 p.m. C.S.T. (NBC*)

Golf Country

- Metropolitan Games, Van Cortlandt Pk., New York

Football

- George Washington vs. West Virginia, Washington, D.C. (9)
- Miami (Fla.) vs. Boston College, Miami, 5:15 p.m. (Mutual*)

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6

Baseball

- (Professionals)
Boston vs. Philadelphia, Boston
- Syracuse vs. Fort Wayne, Syracuse
- St. Louis vs. Minneapolis, St. Louis
- Rochester vs. New York, Rochester

Football

- (Leading college games)
● East

- Bucknell vs. Colgate, Lewisburg, Pa.
- Columbia vs. Dartmouth, New York
- Harvard vs. Princeton, Cambridge, Mass.
- Harvard vs. LSU, College Park, Md.
- Navy vs. Duke, Baltimore, 1:45 p.m. (ABC)
- Penn vs. Notre Dame, Philadelphia, 1:15 p.m. (Mutual*)
- Penn State vs. Syracuse, University Park, Pa., 1 p.m. (CBS*) Men to watch: State's Leroy Moore (42) & Syracuse's Jimmy Brown (44)

- Pitt vs. Virginia, Pittsburgh
- Yale vs. Army, New Haven, Conn.

SOUTH & SOUTHWEST

- Arkansas vs. Miss. State, Auburn, Ala.
- Florida vs. Georgia, Jacksonville, Fla.
- Rice vs. Arkansas, Houston, Texas, 2 p.m. C.S.T.*
- Texas vs. Baylor, Austin, Texas
- Texas A&M vs. SMU, College Station, Texas (9)

WEST

- Illinois vs. Michigan, Champaign, Ill.
- Iowa vs. Minnesota, Iowa City, Ia.
- Missouri vs. Oklahoma, Columbia, Mo.
- Ohio State vs. Indiana, Columbus, Ohio
- Northwestern vs. Wisconsin, Evanston, Ill.
- Purdue vs. Michigan State, Lafayette, Ind.

FAR WEST

- California vs. Washington, Berkeley, Calif.
- Cal. of Pacific vs. UCLA, Stockton, Calif. (9)
- Colorado vs. Utah, Boulder, Colo.
- Washington St. vs. Oregon, Pullman, Wash. (Professionals)

- Detroit vs. Milwaukee, Detroit, 7:35 p.m. (Mutual-100*)
- Chicago Geds vs. Pittsburgh, Chicago, 8:05 p.m. C.S.T.*

Golf

- Ryder Cup matches, Thunderbird CC, Palm Springs, Calif. (see Nov. 8)

Horse Racing

- American Pacing Classic (first heat), \$75,000, 1 m., for major state winners, Hollywood Pk., Inglewood, Calif.

Hockey

- Montreal vs. Boston, Montreal
- Toronto vs. New York, Toronto
- Chicago vs. Detroit, Chicago

Horse Racing

- Raven Handicap, \$50,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr.-olds, Jamaica, N.Y.
- Trenton Handicap, \$50,000, 1 1/16 m., 3-yr.-olds up, Garden State Pk., Camden, N.J.

Hunt Racing

- Montpelier Hunt Races, Montpelier State, Vt.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 6

Auto Racing

- AAA 100-m. hill, championship, Phoenix, Ariz.
- NASCAR short-track race, Fayetteville, N.C.

Baseball

- (Professionals)
Fort Wayne vs. Minneapolis, Fort Wayne
- Rochester vs. Syracuse, Rochester (day)

Football

- (Professionals)
● Holy Cross vs. Baylor, Worcester, Mass.
- Chicago Geds vs. Green Bay, Chicago, 1 p.m. C.S.T. (ABC*)
- Cleveland vs. New York, Cleveland, 2:05 p.m.*
- Washington vs. Philadelphia, Washington, 2:35 p.m.* (Mutual-100*)
- Los Angeles vs. San Francisco, Los Angeles, 2:05 p.m. P.S.T.*

Hockey

- Boston vs. Montreal, Boston
- Detroit vs. Toronto, Detroit
- Chicago vs. New York, Chicago

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WE SHORT-SENTENCE BOYS

Sir:

You will get a flood of comment on A. Whitely Griswold's verbose article *The Best of Two Worlds* (SI, Oct. 17).

To clarify it for some short-sentence boys like myself—football is here to stay. It is animated chess. There are thousands of us who study it as avidly as others do bridge, chess, or other "mental" games. We watch football wherever and whenever we can—sandlot, junior high, high school, college, pro.

Some of us it helped get through college in the depression years, and we are grateful. We would like to see other boys able to help finance their way by it.

Colleges are for students. Students can play football, as Princeton, Yale, Rice, Tulane and other schools have convincingly demonstrated.

What we need is better coaching—which would automatically develop if the emphasis were to shift back to coaching instead of material—and we aficionados would see more interesting ball.

To give you an instance: in recent years the Southeastern Conference, once an incubator of football ideas, has begun to field teams playing almost identical systems. To win, they have to have superior material, and the race is on. They can no longer look over a bunch of eager student candidates and evolve a team playing the best men using the most study system.

T. S. WHITECLAUD, M.D.

Newark, Tex.

COMES THE MILLENNIUM

Sir:

President Griswold is entirely correct in stating that "the main purpose of an educational institution is education," but the evils of intercollegiate athletic competition will continue. It will take the same kind of revolution in the human mind and spirit as would be required to eliminate war to

achieve this main purpose. Possible, yes... but not likely in the foreseeable future.

ROBERT W. MANDEVILLE

Allentown, N.J.

FELLOW TRAVELERS

Sir:

I have just finished reading Dr. Griswold's fine article. I did not realize until I saw his picture that I had the pleasure of riding with him from Boston to New Haven by train a couple of summers ago. I was very impressed by this man who mentioned he was connected with Yale University and was very interested in what I thought of college and collegiate athletics. When I began to ask questions, the train was pulling into New Haven, and we were parting. Those questions are now answered thanks to SI and Dr. Griswold. May I say his conception of and conclusion on the subject carry strength for the Big Ten as well as the State of Maine Series where with less pressure everyone gets just as excited.

Congratulations to you and Sportswriter per se, Arthur Griswold for a fine article on college athletics.

CHARLES FISHER

Norwood, Mass.

THE FIRST GAME

Sir:

President Griswold comments on the origin of college football, stating that "the American game started with a contest between Harvard and Yale in 1875." However, the first intercollegiate football game was between Princeton and Rutgers colleges in 1869, played at Rutgers.

The Rutgers Targum publication of that era gives an account of the game, which I quote in part:

"On Saturday, November 6, 1869, Princeton sent 25 picked men to play our 25 a match game of football. The strangers came at 10 o'clock and brought a good number of horses with them. After dinner and a

stroll around town, during which most Milhards received a good deal of attention, the crowd began to assemble at the ball grounds. Previous to calling the game the crowd presented an animated appearance. Green looking players were silently stripping, each one surrounded by sympathizing friends. While around each captain was a little crowd, intent upon giving advice and saying as much as possible..."

"The Targum started up the game in these words: 'To start up, the Princeton men had the most rounds, but didn't kick very well, and wanted organization. They evidently don't like to kick the ball on the ground. Bleating running, wild shouting and frantic kicking and goal tending marked the contest...'"

HARRY L. ROWLEY

Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

■ To a similar challenge from Rutgers, SI replied in its first 19TH HOLE (Aug. 30, 1964): "They may have been dying for dear old Rutgers in that game with Princeton... but they were playing soccer" even though someone may have broken the rules by running with the ball that day in 1869. American football evolved from Harvard's adaptation of the Rugby football game and rules: 15 men to a side, an egg-shaped ball, the drop kick and ball carrying, although "the little crowd around each captain intent upon giving advice and saying as much as possible" undoubtedly was pioneering today's quarterback clubs.—ED.

THE GRAY TRAIN

Sir:

I feel I have to speak out as the Jimmy Jemal question (SI, Oct. 24) of whether pro football will ever cut deeply into college football interest.

If it ever does, it should be over pro football's dead body.

As a former pro football sportswriter, I used to sit in on bull sessions involving George Halas, Curly Lambeau, Steve Owen, and Red Auerbach, wherein this subject was well warmed over.

The inevitable conclusion was that if anything ever happened to kill the public fascination for college football... then the pro would have to go back to sandlot dimensions.

What other sport or business has ready-made stars, big names, spectacular performers created for them over a four-year incubating period as does pro football? The pro are on the biggest gravy train in the country today.

They don't spend a penny teaching or promoting kids like Alan Auerbach, Ralph Guglielmi, George Shaw, et al. They merely meet in New York, or Cleveland or Detroit and draft the names of a big board. Publicity-wise, there is nothing like it in sports.

Even the high schools have become known to the fan through pro football... simply



became one of their "big frogs in a small pool" made good in New York, Chicago, Washington or Los Angeles. The pros, in my opinion, have contributed a great deal to college football success, just as much—almost—as the colleges have contributed to the pros.

SI, incidentally, has done a magnificent job of bringing new dimensions and new interest to the sporting whirl. Twisting the old chabarb around, everybody was talking about sports, but you folks really did something about it!

HARRY SHERR

Chicago

THE AMERICA'S CUP: A MEMORY ONLY?

Sir:

In Jerry Jessell's HORROR (SI, Sept. 1), Grace Kelly states that she is delirious of seeing the Newport America's Cup Race revived, and Navy Secretary Thomas asserts that it "should be revived."

Although Secretary Murphy and others believe that it is impossible for the race to return because of today's cumbersome boats, Mr. Murphy does feel that syndicates could bring back the contest "greatest sports event in the world."

I have read your attacks against boxing's dirty business and your efforts which resulted in the owners of Natchua and Soups consenting to a race between the two horses; now perhaps SI would be willing to add to its list of worthwhile and successful undertakings an attempt to make the America's Cup Race a reality once again in lieu of the vague but impressive memory that it is today.

ROBERT LEEDER

Providence

● For some reminiscences of the great old rivalry and authoritative suggestions for a modern revival, see E&D's "The Sleeping Giant," page 12.—ED.

SHOULD I CELEBRATE?

Sir:

Being an ardent admirer of Mr. Rachevsky, I was naturally quite fascinated by your editorial tribute to him (SI, Oct. 17). Consequently I found "Havof's Problem" a most interesting challenge, though I will admit the solution below took considerably more than 30 minutes.

White	Black	White	Black
B-B4	K-K4	B-B4	K-K4
Kt-K3	K-K5 or B-B7	Kt-K5	K-K5
K-B2!!	K-K4	Kt-K12	P-Q6
B-B7 mate	B-B4 mate		

Am I or am I not celebrating a hollow victory?

J. THORPE

Oakland, Calif.

I HAVE CONQUERED

Sir:

I have found Havof's chess problem not unmanageable:

Two-Move Win

White	Black
1. R-QB4	1. P-K3
2. KB-KB3 mate	

HERRMAN D. LEVY

Baginaw, Mich.

SHORT CUT

Sir:

I solved the problem in 35 minutes by moving the White pieces four straight times,

leaving the Black stable. Here is my solution: K-B7, B-B2, B-B5, R-B1.

VINCENT RICCIARDI

Chula Vista, Calif.

R.E.V.F.

Sir:

I have been studying it for two days and have not yet solved it.

STANLEY CUSHINGHAM

Lyndeburg, Va.

● Neither have the Messrs. Richenti, Levi and Terrel nor the many other readers who sent SI their "solutions." To end the suspense, here are the magic moves: the key first move, Kt-B6, limits Black to three possible moves.

RAVE ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIND

Sir:

Before you consider Mr. Metcalf's suggestion that you sponsor the Lhasa apgo dog on the *Place de Four* television program (1994 Hour, Oct. 3), take my advice and avoid a certain fiasco.

No amount of disguise could fool any literate American who knows Li's Akkor's

● Al Capp, challenged by SI to explain this hairy coincidence, delved into his collection of prehistoric cave stripes and with pen and brush replied as follows:

Wooton, Transcendentalia
October 16, 1993

Sir:

Mr. Richard, ha, o' course, entirely right. Hairless Joe and 'ee Lhasa Apgo are brothers under the hair. It happened this way.

At the dawn of time, one prehistoric hairball rolled out of a cave, and soon, as was destined, another prehistoric hairball of the opposite sex. Soon, there were four hairballs.

The family split apart. One line developed first into the now extinct bearded hairdog, then,

some later, there appeared on land the hairdog's ancestor known as the Tyrannosaurus Rexthyraps, which, in modern times, reached its finest flower in



Hairless Joe

See the other line went this way. It first evolved into the Old English Sheepfish and then, after it became amphibious

It developed into the fabled Pufferfish Lhasa

and then, scarcely eight billion years later, it turned up in Tibet as the Lhasa Apgo (which in Tibetan means "the hairless Joe dog.")

I hope this takes the bitterness out of the controversy.

Al Capp

old friend Hairless Joe when he sees him.

I am intrigued, however, by the possibility that the pride of the Dalai Lamas may have come from Dogpatch, U.S.A.; surely Al Capp would not dare deceive us with some \$199 Manchu darling from Tibet!

JOHN M. RICHARD

Chicago



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1938
HOLE

continued from page 62

HISTORY IN THE MAKING

Sir:

The excellent drawing of the memorable Sandy Amos' catch in the seventh game of the 1935 World Series that appears in your October 17th issue must be a permanent display in the Baseball Hall of Fame. Would you do us and baseball this honor?

SIR C. KERRICK
Director

National Baseball Hall of Fame
Copenhagen, N.Y.

● SI and Artist Robert Riger are glad to contribute this bit of history to the Baseball Hall of Fame. The original drawing, suitably framed, is on its way. —ED.

SAVORY PERSONALITIES

Sir:

It is time I wrote you adding my congratulations on the excellence of SI.

The thing I notice each week is the ability your writers have to create the atmosphere of the event they are reporting. The pleasure it brings to me is that having once read the magazine I still cover the articles for weeks following.

My particular sporting activity is golf. Jimmy Jones' Oct. 11 Newsweek, is Golf an Athletic Contest?, brought out personality traits of the respondents.

To Ted McCray I would like to extend an invitation to foot Satchel's Englewood Country Club hills with me. He'll get his good sweat.

It is evident that Herbert White is only a casual golfer. Otherwise he would appreciate the opportunities provided in golf for courage and cardiovascularness.

Tony Carvajal ought to get out of the flat lands of Texas and play a little golf with some of us mountain goats.

Possibly Ed Wynee has the best answer: "Not necessarily." Golf is what you make it. While I'm at it, I'm endorsing my dollar for a guest membership in the Happy Knoll Country Club. Pretty cheap for a round on that wonderful course. Naturally, the dollar is for the Olympic Fund.

PAUL WASSERKE

Seattle

THE GREATEST SPORTING ACHIEVEMENT

Sir:

Golf is certainly an athletic contest in every sense of the word! Football, baseball, hockey, basketball, tennis, rowing and the like are generally regarded as such, and rightly so. However, most of these require team play for success, whereas golf, for the most part, is an individual effort, physically and mentally.

In February, 1944, the AP ran a story concerning an AP poll of sportswriters over the nation about the three greatest feats in the history of sports.

The three great achievements were:

- 1) The grand slam of golf, Bobby Jones in 1930.
- 2) The great pitching, outfielding and home-run hitting of Babe Ruth.
- 3) The record running, broad jumping and hurdling of Jesse Owens. Bobby Jones led with 97 votes, Ruth 28, and Owens 27. Among others considered and voted on were Jim Thorpe, Ty Cobb, Jack Dempsey, Red Grange, Lou Gehrig, Max Baer, Christy Mathewson, Joe Louis, Carl Hubbell, Gene Tanne, Johnny Vander Meer (two successive no-hit games), Knute Rockne, Walter Hagen, Henry Armstrong and of course many others, but the above three were way out in front.

CHARLES L. GLENNON

Cleveland

BAKERS TO A T?

Sir:

In Pennsylvania, Florida this summer my husband and I became fond of a cute stray dog that stayed around our house there.

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"He says the gild de foir grain in his restaurant is much better than it is in yours."

We brought him back to New Orleans with us. In *EVANSTON & DISCOVERY*, Sept. 19 we were surprised to read about the Basenji, since we had never heard of such a dog, and, surprisingly, the characteristics you mention fitted our Trump to a T. Our dog is about 17½ inches high (male), with a sharp muzzle, a tightly curled tail and ears like a fox terrier. His coat is short, a brilliant red-orange, and there is a white spot on his



PURCHASED BASENJI



MRS. HARRARD'S TRUMP

chest. He does not bark, but entertains us with his "talking" (sounding for the most part like a good yodel). To go a little further, he even cleans himself like a cat by licking. I must admit he does have a canine odor, and I have never seen him shed tears, but he is a good retriever of anything we throw out. At times he even tends to point like a real hunting dog.

Of course, we are still inclined to believe that Trump is not a purebred Basenji, but we are interested in learning more about the dog. May we have a little more information about the Basenji? A picture would help, too.

HARRARD HARRARD

New Orleans

★ The Basenji or African hairless dog dates back, according to Basenji Breeder Bettina Belmont Ward, to the Egyptian Pharaohs, but did not become successfully established in the U.S. until the 1930s. They are a small deerlike dog about 17 inches high, with long legs, a smooth, short shiny coat, ears set high and forward and dark, almond-shaped eyes between which is a mass of wrinkles. Although they do not bark they have been known to hugh, yodel, cry and make faces. Their owners report them as being "endearing and utterly adorable."—ED.

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PAT ON THE BACK

JON ROBERT PEARCE

Jon Robert Pearce is an 18-year-old schoolboy from Hamilton, Ontario who may be the next Olympic sculling champion. If he is, it will be perfectly natural; his great-grandfather was Australian champion; his grandfather seven times Australian champion; his father, Lieut. Commander H. R. Pearce of the Royal Canadian Navy, was the Olympic singles champion in both 1928 and 1932. Jon, 6 feet 1½ inches and 185 pounds, began to scull when he was 9. Since 1951 he has won 22 races and last August won both the junior and senior mile events and the quarter-mile dash at the Canadian National Exhibition.

JESSE OWENS

Jesse Owens is now 42 and no longer runs the 100 in 9.4 or broad-jumps 26 feet. But in the 19 years since he won four gold medals at the Berlin Olympic Games, Jesse Owens has become more than a great athlete. This month, leaving his job as secretary of the Illinois Athletic Commission, he went to the Far East on a good-will tour. Coaching and demonstrating track technique in India (heise), he also won some friends for the U.S. "He used no tall words nor spoke in propagandist fashion," said the *Indian Express*. Said the *Delhi Times of India*: "Wherever he went he held his following spellbound."





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